



Abel vs. Cain

THE RECKONI NG

Book TWO

By Michael J. Neeley Jr.

This Book is dedicated to
Kim Krizan -

Thank you, Teacher.

I did it and I'm doing it again.

The Black and Blue Wrecking
Crew

The Puddles that Gather Rain

**Swilly lot Kids holding it
down coast to
coast on
Shakedown**

The Motel 6 in Tucson for
allowing me to write in the
laundromat any time I wanted
- grief free- and for the coffee.

The Lion and the Bear

Might be the biggest and strongest

But you will **NEVER**

Catch a **WOLF** doing tricks at the circus.

About the cover of the book:

On the cover of this book is a photo of an old campsite I had back in Humboldt County, Ca USA before the first Awakening with ABEL'S brother, CAIN. It's a very important photo.

At ABEL'S request, I put this picture on the cover so that CAIN - ABEL'S beloved brother- could see this place with his own eyes and see how beautiful it is. CAIN is in a wheelchair and couldn't possibly make the trip to see this altar personally. The picture doesn't do the actual place justice, but it's better than the drawing ABEL left for his brother in the book- ***The Lost Hero*** - a book that ABEL left behind for his brother CAIN to read later.

During the first awakening with CAIN, ABEL and I had walked this gift to his brother. CAIN had moaned and complained that his help wouldn't even fetch him a book. He really just wanted a book. So, ABEL, choosing not to kill CAIN, walked many miles and had given CAIN a book.

And when he gave him the book he drew a picture of this heart shaped alter, the very one on this cover, as best he could - and wrote these words,

- CAIN, YOU can't see this place, but this belongs here. And it's beautiful. You cannot spell evolve without love. We have to evolve with them CAIN.

This alter I carved when I was thinking about my daughter. It's very large- 7 to 12 feet- and took me three days to complete. My daughter and I had been estranged after a terrible divorce and missing her had put a very large hole in my heart, so I built this alter candleholder to remember her by. I would burn candles all night long here very often thinking of her.

Wondering- when will I see you again?
Will I ever see you again?

ABEL and I walked his brother
CAIN a book - *The Lost Hero* - and on
the inside of this book ABEL did his
best to draw the alter. This photo
shows the place better than ABEL'S
feeble first attempt at drawing it.

This is not a creative experiment; this is my
diary.

Poverty is the cruelest
type of violence ever created
by mankind- Mahatma Ghandi

Jesus is way cool. He could've
turned water into wine. Weed into
marijuana. Jesus was so cool.

- Jesus was WAY cool, King
Missile

There is a road, no simple
highway - between the dawn and the
dark of night. And if you go no-one
may follow. That path is for your steps
alone.

- Ripple, The Grateful Dead

They have the authority to kill a
minority.

- Fuck the Police, NWA

They should arrest you or
whoever dress you.

- You be killin 'Em, Fabulous

I never seen a dog like that
before, all short, fat ugly and yellor.
What kind of dog is that?

- Yellow Dog, Bob Weir

Come on baby we can fly;
daddy's got a stack of alibis.

- Ashes and Glass, Bob Weir,
and Rat Dog.

Just a stranger on the bus trying
to make his way back home.

- What if God were one of us,
Joan Osbourne

Now I know. Now I know, Now I
know

- Now I Know, Stephen Marley.

Chapter 1 **MARK BITCHUP REPORT**

MARK BITCHUP, REPORT TO MY
OFFICE.

Mark, come in I have to show
you something. You might want to sit
down, Mark, I'm going to ask you a
question. How you answer is your job.

Do you understand? You're entire career as detective and police are at stake here.

Do you copy?

Sir.

Ok, now I want you to read the last line of this book. (Throws Detective Mark Bitchup a copy of the book Abel Vs Cain the Awakening)

I want you to read the last line of this book, and you're going to read this last line of the book out loud to me. Do you copy?

To Be Continued.

WRONG. ONE MORE CHANCE.

Uh, free this planet now, son?

Ok. Detective. You're fired.

What?

The last line of the book- find it now. No, here, you moron, I will find it

for you. The last line of the book reads something like this. "Smile Bishop and Rabang, you're world famous now. fumf"

Here, look, for yourself -

As you read it, I need to see your weapon and badge on my table. You are dismissed of command and service.

WWWWHHHHHAAAATTTTT
TTTTTHHHHEEEEE FFFUUUCCCKKKK
AAAAARRRREEEEE YOU IN A BOOK
FOR?

Oh Bitchup. That's not all.

You are also in the book.

You better take that home and read it. No, better yet - buy your own book. You owe it to the guy. You better buy you a book. In fact, you better buy a hundred books and hand them out to any other dip shit you have trained - and read it at home. You have the time now. Get out of here before I shoot you in the ass with my personal gun. You're fired, Detective.

Chapter 2
ABEL STARTS THE
AWAKENING

That night at MIKEL'S campsite underneath the foot bridge behind the Desert Inn in Tucson, where ABEL and I started writing the book, *The Awakening*; I had been sleeping. My soul, ABEL, was restless. ABEL'S father ADAM had gone and, during their talk, ABEL, ADAM, and I had decided to write a book in hopes of stopping the destruction of mankind by the hands of ABEL'S older brother, CAIN.

To me, ADAM had – up until a few hours ago- always been this faint angelic voice. But yesterday the voice took an actual shape. Many of them. But his voice was very much the same. When I came up with the idea to write the book, I was weary of what might happen to me. In order to tell people my relationship to this angelic voice of ADAM, I WAS going to have to tell people- all people around the world- the experience with Eureka police and the beating I suffered at the hands of Mark Bitchup and Lame Rabang that ruined two careers and six years of education. Plus made me homeless.

Ten years of service down the drain, education obsolete, and my life completely changed by two pigs in COP uniforms.

I told the lord, ADAM (who had been ABEL'S father all along), "They (police) already tried to kill me twice AND in order to tell the full story right, I have to say - tell - it correctly. The cops won't like that, lord."

Bitchup brought that upon himself, Mikel. And you have to tell the story the way it happened. You're the perfect man for the job, Mikel. Don't you worry about Bitchup and Rabang. You just write the story. I will take care of them.

Should I put it on social media? Facebook?

No, Mikel, you need to make some money off this one.

That had been earlier in the day when the sun was out. Now, like I said, I was asleep but my soul - who happens to be ADAM'S son, ABEL, and brother to CAIN - wakes me up in the

middle of the night. “Mikel, let’s go start that book. You got the OK from Dad. We have to start it right now. I’m not allowed much time to talk to you unless one of my family shows up. We don’t have much time. Come on, wake up, let’s go.”

“All I have is social media and Facebook, but your Father told me not to use that.”

“Mikel, have you ever listened to your father – or even a Doctor for that matter?”

“Well ABEL, you know my dad’s a doctor and that your own father stopped another doctor from putting me in a wheelchair for life, so that’s an unfair question. But the answer is NO. No, I haven’t listened to my dad or doctors.”

“Good. Let’s go. We don’t have a lot of time.”

So, ABEL and I went up to the closest convenience store; a store that would allow homeless people to charge cell phones if they needed, plugged in my smart phone, and went to work in the back alley. ABEL had a lot to say. We wrote for eighteen days straight using social media – Facebook, text message, and personal IM.

When ABEL and his father were talking, gnomes- or whatever they were- kept interrupting ABEL and telling ABEL to tell his brother CAIN the story about the Calico Cat.

“What’s a calico cat?” asked ADAM.

“ I have no idea what they’re talking about, dad.”

“But what’s a calico cat?”

I know what THAT is, but not what they want me to tell CAIN. I don't get it. I don't know what they are talking about.

Yes, you do, ABEL. Tell your brother about the Calico Cat.

Leave us alone - get outta here. Scram.

But after church on Sunday morning, it had all come back to ABEL and he told me what to write down about the calico cat. It happened to be the only chapter in the book that didn't need any editing. It's the only chapter written in the book that was first draft perfect. And we wrote the entire chapter at the central Ronstadt bus terminal in downtown Tucson on my phone.

I had just been hit in the head with a rock. Mikel, don't take it personal that CAIN and his crew keep attacking you. They do it every

lifetime, Mikel. He's probably mad about the book. You know the government watches library computers. And CAIN'S goons most definitely watch you all the time - now -that they discovered about me being your soul. They know exactly what you look like. Just EXPECT more harassment. This is a war. Don't feel bad. They're just out to make me as miserable as possible.

Protesting my protest if you will.

ABEL, when this is over will I be able to meet you, you know, maybe even ride with you?

Hold your horses, Mikel. Hold your horses.

But, yes, Mikel - I'd be honored to have a man like you ride along with me. Mikel, we have a problem that I need to talk to you about. A very important problem.

What's that, ABEL?

Mikel, there's never been a human on the other side. A human with a soul and flesh, that is. So, we have this problem. I need to be over there to vote, and get the other humans, cause ONLY I know where all of them are - or where they are supposed to be. We need to get over there. This is important.

I need to talk to the other ones about the Earth. And I CAN'T get rid of you because that would ruin my idea. I can't tell you everything. Cause Demz Duh Rulez!! But I also can't tell you, cause I really don't know what to expect myself - never been done before.

We're NOT following the rules here, Mikel. We kind of MAKE THEM UP AFTER THE FACT so that we don't - well, mess up again. Ever hear the rule- DON'T throw gasoline on the fire?

Yeah, you have? Good. Well, how do you think we made that rule and why DID we ever MAKE SUCH A RULE? It's a no brainer, right? Wrong. And you wouldn't believe how much of a process that was - and still is.

WRITE THAT DOWN!!!!

No way, boss. No way we will forget this. No way. NEVER..... -

BOOM!!!!!!!

What did I tell you? WRITE THAT DOWN.

OK BOSS.

Don't throw gasoline on the fire evolved into don't store gasoline next to fire. Which evolved into store gasoline in a fireproof container away from children in a dry, dark, dusty place without any matches or lighter in close proximity - or something like that.....sorta. But even that took some hard work.

We don't have time to wait for your mortal death, Mikel.

So we have to figure out how to get you across with your flesh and soul. Because IF and when you die, because of the scope of possibilities, all the demons that I have conquered (over the 600 million lifetimes), those 600 million DEMONS would possibly be released.

WE don't want that. They're annoying and messy when their heads are smashed to pieces. When they come out... well, that'd be like taking a steak eater off a deserted island after 600 million years of not eating steak.

Some have converted, some will be neutral, and some are just waiting for the right chance, the right time. Simply waiting for the day to come. You know what I mean? WAITING.

Either way, it's not real pretty. Usually everybody's dead, so the team and I just do mop up operations on the demons, but since I'm doing something new this time, we don't know what to imagine or expect right now. Never been done before. I'm real curious myself. It can't hurt any more than any of my last 600 million deaths.

Don't worry, Mikel - what if I told you that dying tickles. Would it make a difference, cause it sorta does tickle when it's all finally over.

I don't want that. Still, I have to take the risk with the weight of our cause. So HOW are we going to do that? How are we going to get you over there without releasing all those

conquered demons? Don't really know right now, but I'm kind of curious myself. We have to try. There's no getting around that.

Mikel, I'm proud of you. You got that 'lil book of yours written and published in 33 days. Good job. That broke a curse. A very long, very powerful curse. On me, and on this planet. A very old curse. Good job. I guess now that you've been mugged and lost all your files, notes, and phone - uh, you can see why I was pushing you? I knew you could do it. I knew you could. Plus, we were up against my brother and his goon squads.

Shit, what's that bring the total of our attacks to since we started writing your book, *The Awakening*? Brother is really working 'em hard. Man, he must've really wanted to stop us. BEAT HIM, again.

Eight.

Eight?

Well, too late now. Published is published. Brother can't stop the Awakening, or your book. Not now.

Man, I bet he is pissed at me. And his management crew. Oh well. Outsmarted them again. When they gonna give up, Mikel? I bet we can call that your first book review. Man, brother almost had it. Almost had it all.

One more day and it would have been lost. Oh well. Better luck next time, brother.

You know what's funny? With them getting everything – I bet they'll think that your book will never be published.

Won't they be surprised? Good job, Mikel.

That was a brave thing you did, Mikel. Helping me confront my brother, trusting dad to fight against Mark Bitchup and Lame Rabang (even when you were facing 25 years in

prison), and confronting that one policeman that said the police was going to take over the world.

If it weren't for him and his, "We intend to take over the world" business none of this might have started. Let's talk about that statement he made for a tiny little moment. "WE," means you're a group. "Intend," if I'm not mistaken, means you have a plan. "To take over the world," simply stated by yourself, no less - this IS your plan. But in case you haven't noticed, humans have already taken over the world. Or at least that's what we are led to believe. So, who are you, where do you come from, and when you going back? Cause this is my planet. You don't take over MY planet. I allow you to share it with me.

F.O.P. **does not** stand for
FORGET OUR POLICE.

F.O.P. **does not** stand for
FRATERNAL ORDER OF PIGS.

F.O.P. **does not** stand for FUCK
OVER
PEOPLE OF THE EARTH.

F.O.P. **DOES** stand for –

FREE OUR PLANET

I hope he likes what he has
started.

P.I.G.S. is an acronym. It's an
acronym that stands for population
control, internment camps, guillotines,
and swastikas.

C.O.P.S. is another acronym for
Constitution over police state.

Hope he likes the book. They'll
be hunting you, Mikel, that's for sure.

Mikel, do you know the
difference between a Pig and a Cop?

Not sure I follow you, Abel?

Mikel, a Cop is a family man,
drives a company vehicle, wants to
help his fellow man, and just wants the
world to be a better place for
everyone.

Long silence.....

What's a Pig?

A pig is **NOT**. See? Mikel. A pig
is **NOT**. See?

Mikel, I can't let these pigs even
pretend they can take over **MY** World.
OR EVEN THINK THEY'RE GOING TO
TAKE OVER MY WORLD.

THIS IS MY WORLD TO
PROTECT.

Over my dead body, will they ever get in control of it. I can't tell you everything, but I can tell you we are up against invisible forces.

Evil forces too.

We have a lot of work to do. Listen, you can rest assure that they'll be watching out for you..... Possibly even attacking you more. Get ready, is all I ask, and know that I'm sorry for it too.

That evening Mikel and ABEL went to the vortex and talked to The Archangel Michael and the rest of the warden council.

Chapter 3
First Warden Council with
Archangel
Michael

That night at the vortex -

Michael, I've had enough. I saw Dad and have decided this isn't worth it no more. We have to do things different. Old ways aren't getting new results. I want to go fishing. I'm SICK of saying it TOO. Come on, man!!!

I want to go fishing. It's not the same. You know exactly what I mean, too. They're too small for my taste.

It does not matter ONE difference HOW POLITE you are to them, Michael, if the final decision is destruction. It just doesn't make any difference.

You're crazy, ABEL.

I will take CRAZY over NO any day. You didn't say NO - I will take that.

It might as well be NO; we don't want to do it. We don't even want to mention the idea.....

DAD said the empire was ten times bigger than before - that's ten times more thinkers on the job. That means there are ten times as many people talking and debating. That's ten times many more possibilities of a solution.

I never said we had to DO THE BLASTED IDEA. All I said was, ask if we could. And we have to be ready, in case this becomes the only idea possible. Look into it. That's all I'm asking.

I know he's not a Saint - like Germain. And I know he's not immortal like Enoch. But it has to be possible. It's written down. It's in the book. We have to take the step.

You always say if it can be imagined, it can be accomplished. I imagined it - so - let's find the answer.

ABEL, you're asking too much.

ASKING TOO MUCH? That's funny. Being fair seems to be asking too much too. That's in the rules. We have to follow the rules, that's in the rules. You say we have to play by the rules, DEMZ DUH RULEZ.

Fine, fine, fine - sure, the rules. You say the programmers and lizards - and all the others- can't kill the humans, and they don't; I will grant you this. But you also DO NOT say that the lizards and others CAN'T convince the humans that, first, they don't exist and that the lizards CAN manipulate the humans into killing each other for them. Somehow this practice is fair and within the rules. OK, but me taking Mikel across is beyond the scope of possibilities.

I'm sorry, but this type of thinking and - (((((the other ones)))))) - leads me to believe that a vote of no confidence and a conflict of interest has arisen in your position, Michael. Knowing our relationship and past, I am beginning to feel as if you like having me here in prison. And never mind mother.

Germain and Enoch both had penial glands. Can the humans at least have their penial glands back? And, IF NOT, what about Mikel? Can he have his back?

You actually want me to accept that Mikel, unlike Germain and Enoch, never grew up with a fully active penial gland? And that he also had to overcome RFID enslavement. Those two never went through this and there's no way this is fair. No way.

You say it's too much to ask. The truth isn't too much to ask, yet somehow, this game we play where we CAN'T TELL 'EM EVERYTHING has gotten us this far. Far enough to where I'm ready to play THIS CARD -

I WANT MY INHERITANCE!!!!

Inheritance, what inheritance?
ABEL?

YOU LET CAIN TRY TO CREATE
MAGIC
BY GETTING THEM TO PRAY
"THE
MEEKEST GETS THE EARTH"

OK - SOMEHOW THAT'S FAIR, BUT
LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING - I HAVE
OUT MEEKED MY
BROTHER.

Inheritance?

Yes, inheritance. I have
successfully out meeked MY BROTHER,
therefore, this planet is MY
INHERITANCE.

JUST LIKE THE PRAYER SAYS -
JUST LIKE HIS PRAYER SAYS.

OH, SURE. He's in a wheelchair.
Slithering the earth for all eternity
now, but if CAIN wants money, he just
asks for it. Oh, sure. He drives and
parks up front; I don't even drive.
What's meeker than walking
everywhere? I **don't get** money. I
have had ten dollars in three weeks.
That's less than \$.50 a day. You think I
can live as well as he does on that?
And food. I don't beg and I don't care
if CAIN has a bunch of monks praying

for him; THEY LIVE AT A MONASTERY.
THEY KNOW WHEN DINNER IS
COMING.

I DON'T.

DINNER MIGHT BE FRIDAY WITH
BREAKFAST ON MONDAY, OR NOT AT
ALL. OR MAYBE, MAYBE NOT. I LIVE
SOLELY OFF THE FOOD GIVEN TO ME
OR FOUND. ON THE GROUND. THAT'S
MEEK.

The rules say meek, NOT
WHEELCHAIR BOUND, slithering the
ground for all eternity. And there are
OTHER HUMANS, in wheelchairs that I
would hardly call meek. They are my
heroes. BUT THEY ARE ALSO braver
than the king of their misery.

SO PLEASE TELL ME, Michael –
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO HAVE TO DO
TO GERMAIN AND ENOCH JUST TO
MAKE IT FAIR? BECAUSE THE RULES
SAY WE HAVE TO BE FAIR, don't we?
DEMZ DUH RULEZ.

Gotta follow the rules; that's in
the rules.

Chapter 4
Astral Projection with Mark
Bitchup

Come on Mikel, this meeting at the vortex will be fun, I promise. You want to confront Mark Bitchup one day, don't you? Well, I think your gonna like this trip to the vortex.....lets me just say that, because I can't tell you everything. Demz duh rulez... gotta follow the rules. That's in the rules.

That morning at the vortex -

I could see Mark Bitchup's soul.
He was looking into his mirror with a
copy of my book on his counter. He
was cursing my name, saying

- I'm going to kill you, Mikel

Neily.

NO, YOU'RE NOT!!!! , I

replied, and he responded.

-They took my badge - Neily.

Where's my shield, Bitchup?

-They're going to take my uniform,
Neily!!

- Where's my uniform, Mark?

-They're gonna take my gun!!!

Where's my boots, Mark?

- My education is ruined, Neily.
My education is totally worthless now.

That makes two of us.

- I'm gonna lose my house. I'm
gonna be homeless.

I am homeless, Mark - I AM
HOMELESS. All because of you.

ALL BECAUSE OF YOU. MARK
BITCHUP

- What am I supposed to do
now??

Write a book, MARK, that's what I have to do now. Write a coloring book just like I suggested, just like I said you would, Mark.

- I'm gonna kick your ASS Neily.

Not personally, Bitchup, am I correct??

- Where's my back-up??

OK. You want to play this that way? You want games? Games you get..... - Where's my **FIRE SHELTER**??

And suddenly on Mark's side, all sorts of L.E.O. spirits surrounded him. Dressed to the hilt in RIOT gear. But on my side, after I asked, "Where IS MY FIRE SHELTER?" Immediately I was surrounded by the Granite Mountain Hot Shots and all the other fallen fire fighters - over all human lifetimes- that had fallen before me. Millions of them in all shapes and sizes and

colors. And we, the fire fighters, were all but willing to destroy the police, or one another, trying to stop them.

How you like me now, Mark Bitchup? You forgot I was a firefighter. I'm not alone now, Mark. How you like me now? Before we start, let me explain to all the cops here that you're all too proud about lying to the jury. Detective, you like to make shit up. You're a detective that is part of a small group taking over the world, threatening to kill people if you're confronted in court for how you ruin people's lives.

They said - OH, he's one of those guys. Yeah, we're out. We have a family to look after and he's not part of the family. Call us if you need police help. Our money is on the little guy. It looks like you can handle this like butter, so have fun.

You pig. We out.

And just like that, ½ the army of riot police spirits split. Mark Bitchup didn't look so big anymore. Not sized next to the millions of lost firefighters, over the history of OUR planet. Not next to the PIGS without POLICE back up.

- I'm gonna get you, Mikel Neily.

Looking forward to it Mark.
Bring your boyfriend, TOO. The one taking over the world, if'n he's not too busy behind your back. See you when you get here, Moron.

That WAS fun, ABEL. That was fun. Thank you.

Thought that you would like that Mikel. I thought that you would like that. And I'm really glad you did.

Chapter 5

CAIN breaks his silence

That night at the vortex -

I had you defeated. HOW DID YOU FIND THE RFID IMPLANT!!!! My creations report they are doing just fine, ABEL. We are on a schedule, ABEL. What is your problem? YOU'RE GOING TO RUIN EVERYTHING. AGAIN.

You always ruin everything, ABEL. I hate it. You even ruined my awakening. How dare you. I'm the king.

Oh, I could most definitely tell you, brother, I could. How I found your slave implant, yes, I could. The RFID implant that you're not supposed to be using. The implant you put there at Mikel's birth. I could. And I want to, I really want to. I really do. I do. You

must believe me when I say that to you.

BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU
EVERYTHING, ISN'T
THAT CORRECT? ISN'T THAT
YOUR RULE? YOUR FIRST RULE. We
can't break the rules. Gotta follow
your rules, don't we? That's in the
rules.

Now that you're here and we're
talking again, let me ask you
something -how'd you like Mikel's
book? The Awakening? I thought it
turned out good.

I think he did a good job; you
just can't match his performance. Your
book sucks. Long. BORING. Always
Confusing. Too Wordy. Times have
changed, CAIN. No one reads long
confusing wordy books anymore. Not
the way they used to when there
weren't a lot of other books to read. At
least this one has some cuss words in
it. Humans can relate to cuss words.
Your morons taught them that.

He wrote, edited, and published
that book in 33 days! Under \$1k.

He wrote The Awakening in 33 days?

Yes, sire. Yup he did. So you know what that means. No more curse. Michael's curse is gone. Forever vanished.

Impossible. How did you do that?

I didn't set any boundaries for him. Pushed him hard. Gave him assurance when he did a good job. And I didn't tell him about the curse, just so he'd keep from getting nervous. They always mess up when they get nervous.

But you had to get that written and around the world in 99 days.

Yeah. I was aware of that, so that's exactly what we did. The rules never said WHO would actually write the Awakening; the rules just say that you'd initiate the Awakening - which you did. So, take some pride. It's about that time anyways, big brother. Wouldn't you agree?

I don't understand what your problem is, ABEL. I really don't.

That's exactly right, CAIN - you DON'T UNDERSTAND. And there's only one solution to that - you have to figure that out for yourself, on your own. I can't tell you everything. Figure out what my problem is, why don't you? It's a shame. You're so wrapped up in being a king that you will never understand. You are a LORD, CAIN. You are NO KING. Or you're not supposed to be a KING. When are you gonna grow up and be the Lord you are supposed to be, CAIN?

We have some things we have to fix first, ABEL.

OH SNAP - Don't you mean destroy the humans? Who happen to also be your creations? You talking about that FIX? CAUSE THAT'S THE - NO, THAT IS MY - PROBLEM. I WON'T LET YOU DESTROY THEM, CAIN.

They are perfect. Even with all the weird stuff they do. And I wish you could see that, CAIN. I wish you could

see through their eyes. You're their father.

Chapter 6
ABEL asks for the Assistance
of Mikel -
Confronting CAIN

The next morning at the vortex.

I have had it up to here with your goons beating me and Mikel up whenever they feel like it. We finished the book, by the way. HA! Beat you again, big brother. The awakening has officially been started. You can't stop it. It's in the rules. I made sure we followed the rules.

Look, CAIN. I didn't want to say anything to you the last time we talked. We had more important stuff to talk about. But, brother, you look terrible. I can tell your management has you strung out. I could tell you how Mikel kicked the heroin problem he had, but I think I will let Mikel tell it.

Mikel, would you? Please?
Please tell my Brother how you kicked
your heroin addiction.

Well, Lord – I guess I decided
that everything I had learned had
created me, so I forgot everything that
I learned. Basically, I started a new
learning process for myself. I
wandered the highways of America in
a vow of poverty for two years. I gave
up on movies. Music, unless it was live
music. I gave up TV and the news on
TV. But most important of all, was
getting away from the money. Money
was the root of my drug problem.

I realized that it was the money
that kept me addicted. Without the
money – I couldn't buy heroin. And I
wasn't about to steal or do even worse
things for drugs. So, I decided to live
without money. For two years. And
once I could live without drugs,
comfortably, I would teach myself how
to live life with money again.

What happened to you,

Mikel?

I ended up in TAOS, New

Mexico.

Tell the King

what happened there,

Mikel.

I became a Fire Fighter.

Did you hear that, CAIN? He became a firefighter. Not exactly an easy job, or an easy job to get. Just like kicking heroin isn't easy. Tell him what happened to your fire job, Mikel. CAIN would love to hear this.....

ABEL?

Do it, Mikel!! Tell him what happened.....this is important.

Well, Lord, I lost my first fire job after my infant daughter had been hurt by a guy. The police were called and came to my house, so I was forced to give my statement. Reluctantly, I told the police everything that had happened; up until now my solution had been to murder the attacker. But when police arrived asking for a statement. I had to give that idea up. I reluctantly told the officer how I had witnessed the end of my infant daughter's attack. And that a visitor's daughter had been attacked as well. There had been two attacks against young girls.

I tell the cop the entire story, and he tells me right away that he won't investigate the case. That it was useless, impossible to win at trial, and it'd be a very long trial - too costly to pursue. Be reminded he is a cop just doing his job. Or not doing his job, rather.

He told me that since my allegations were so serious, the crime hated by just about everyone alive, and since TAOS was a very small place – the security of my daughter’s attacker was completely in my hands. Said that if the old guy accidentally falls down and breaks his hip at the grocery store while he is buying food, Mr. Cop said he was going to arrest me for attempted murder. Told me “Even if some stranger retaliates against this man and hits him in the head – I will get you for criminal conspiracy. You get me? His safety is totally your responsibility.”

Tell him what you said, Mikel?
Tell KING CAIN what you said to the cop. I love this one.

I said to him, protection was under his job description. He needed to protect the criminal, if that’s what he desired. Protection is your job.

What else did you say to him, Mikel, oh I love this one too –

I told him that if he couldn't come to the aid of an infant when she needs it most - then he was in no way qualified to protect me.

Tell him what you did, Mikel

I left TAOS.

I LOVE THIS ABOUT MIKEL. It's exactly what I would've done. Mikel packs up the entire family and whatever they could fit in their family car, sells his truck, abandons his junker car on the highway with a note left in the driver's seat that read, "FREE CAR" - went back to his house for the last time and burned his house down TO THE GROUND, so no one would scavenge the place. Take over his hard work.

Killed all his pets and livestock – four chickens and a milking goat- out of mercy so they wouldn't die in the desert from dehydration, or worse. And Mikel and his new family left town within 48 hours and lived in their car for eight months. Left TAOS and hasn't been back SINCE. Walked away from a five-acre land deed he owned as well.

Tuff wasn't it, Mikel?

Yes. I never mention it.

Plus, he had to quit all five jobs he had, one of them being a firefighting job. Those ain't easy to get, CAIN. That's how Mikel lost his first fire job. Had to live out of the family's only car for eight months; homeless and nowhere to go. CAIN, Mikel was even arrested, before he left Texas, just for being the guy that was reporting a rape in progress. He can't even report a rape in progress without being arrested.

But your goons don't stop there.

NO. Mikel gets another Fire Job.
And those ain't easy to get, CAIN. Took
Mikel a long time to get his next job.
Four Years. Tell him how that ended,
Mikel.

I was sleeping in a hotel room; I
heard a knock on the door and went
and answered the door. The security
guard was at the door, and he was
kicking me out.

Tell him what for -

ABEL -

The guard thought that I was a
homeless person, and he told me I
couldn't stay at the hotel even though
I paid cash. And I wasn't allowed to
grab my bags either. I was kicked out.
Didn't matter that I paid or not. It was
Motel Sick in Eureka, CA.

Didn't you pay money for that hotel room, Mikel?

Yes, I did.

Were you homeless?

No, I wasn't. No more homeless than any other college student staying at the dorms. I was a student living at the college dorms just like all the others. I got stuck in town for the weekend and rented the hotel room to rest safely.

SEE CAIN, THERE'S THAT HOMELESS WORD ALL BEING MISUSED AGAIN - you know what I mean, you know exactly what I mean. - OH, IT GETS BETTER, GO ON MIKEL, and TELL BROTHER THE REST.

The security guard assaults me, and we begin to fight. Him fighting me, and me just trying to get away

from him and stop the fighting. I was confused as to how or even why I was being beat up. Even treated like this. The guard was easily 400 lbs. and this fight went on for a very long time. Because of his being fat, he would ask me for a break.

“Can we please take a break?
Please?”

We took four breaks total during the fight. He would stop fighting, catch his breath, and then behind my back attack me again. I did everything I could to stop him from fighting, and I never hit him the way he deserved. Not even once. At one point this security guard tried to throw me over the railing and tried to make me fall to the ground below.

Tell him what happened next,
Mikel –

Police arrive and the security guard had me in handcuffs and defeated after 30 minutes of fighting and getting his boss to help him.

Which is illegal, by the way.....CAIN. It's kidnapping. Security can't do that to a customer! A customer that didn't do anything wrong. Not supposed to anyways -

ABEL, please -

Sorry. Mikel. Please continue, please, would you Mikel.... This is important.

I'm in handcuffs and the officer Lame Rabang is first to arrive. He sees that I have an untouched six pack of beer and says, "oh, I see you're drunk."

“Drunk? I haven’t even finished one beer yet. They’re all six still there. How can I be drunk?”

“You’re drunk, if I say you’re drunk.”

And Rabang proceeded to empty all of the beers. With the empty bottles, he threw them in every direction. He was setting the stage, as you would say.

He took the statement from the security guard. During which time the security guard told Officer Lane Rabang that I was a homeless person. And I had been making too much noise. Let me remind you, I was asleep just before this started, so that was a lie.

As soon as Officer Rabang heard the word “homeless,” the very first words out of his mouth was this, “homeless guy? A homeless guy? Really? We got a homeless guy?

Excellent. Oh yeah, you're definitely going to jail - all you homeless need to be in jail."

He never took a statement from me or even let me tell him that I was asleep, or that I wasn't homeless.

Another officer shows up, Mark Bitchup, and right away, after being falsely accused of being homeless by the security guard, Bitchup puts my arm inside of his police-issued nunchucks and starts what's called a pain compliance. Basically, he was trying to break my forearm by pushing the two bones of your forearm together.

Before he starts he says to me, "Now don't scream. That's an order."

But there was no way to keep from screaming.

“Oh yeah, you’re definitely going to jail.”

“For what?”

“You didn’t follow a direct order. I told you not to scream while I break your arm. Now don’t scream this time.”

Before my actual ARREST begins, and after the pain compliance, Mark Bitchup grabs me by my throat. He lifts me up off the ground, “Lame Rabang, this is how you can get a resisting arrest charge that will stick in court and all the witnesses will have to agree.

“THIS IS ALWAYS A FUN THING TO DO,
TOO.

FIRST - LIFT THEM OFF THE
GROUND AND APPLY PRESSURE TO

THEIR WINDPIPE. CHOKE THEM

BASICALLY.”

Now let me describe Mark Bitchup. He is 6’8” tall and well into the 300’s for weight class. And also armed to the teeth. I’m 125 lbs. 5’5.5” tall. Plus, I’m respectful to police, so I probably look like easy prey to this guy.

Bitchup continues the lesson to rookie Lame Rabang, “Basically you put pressure to their windpipe, and you wait. You’re killing them, essentially. You wait until they naturally start to convulse, since they’re starting to die. Once their body is flailing around because of the body’s natural defenses, then all you have to do is this -

You simply have to say this three times. You have to say this THREE TIMES, OK? That’s really important. Say these exact words three times. I know you can do it. You

do it for public drinking at the plaza,
so you can do this too. I know you can.

You say -

“STOP RESISTING OR I WILL BE
FORCED
TO USE FURTHER FORCE. “

“Always says “forced to use”
too. Sounds better to the jury when
the witness says you had to say that.”

REPEAT: “STOP RESISTING OR I
WILL BE FORCED TO USE FURTHER
FORCE. STOP RESISTING.”

“Wait some more. Now, the next
time you say it, the dude is all yours,
and since he resisted your arrest- you
can do whatever you want to him.”

“STOP RESISTING OR I WILL BE
FORCED TO USE FUTHUR FORCE. “

“WON’T STOP? OK!!!!”

“LET’S ROLL RABANG. HE IS ALL OURS NOW. WOULDN’T STOP RESISTING. AND WE HAVE YOUR WITNESS RIDE ALONG, DON’T WE? THEN WE ARE GOLDEN.”

Rabang and Bitchup carried me to the car and beat the shit out of me for a very long time. They made a show of it too. Told me to “Prepare to die, homeless man. Prepare to die” over and over. Bitchup and Rabang took turns choking me unconscious. It happened six times. I thought I was going to die.

At one point, Bitchup took his mag light and smashed my face with it. Kept hitting my teeth. But my teeth are fake, so all he was doing was breaking my porcelain teeth. Kept asking, “Why aren’t they coming out?” Bitchup was trying to knock out my teeth with his mag light and busting up my lip.

I had to tell him, "Cause they're fake."

-“Oh.”

I kept trying to plead with Mark Bitchup and Lame Rabang, “please I’m not a homeless person. **Please don’t kill me.**” But this wasn’t going to make them stop. And then I realized what I was saying. I realized they shouldn’t treat me this way, not at all. For any reason. No way, not at all, homeless or otherwise. And never mind because I am not homeless. So, I quit saying it. Quit saying “please stop killing me. I am not homeless.” I gave up and prepared to die.

I even quit begging for my life.

Homeless or not, no one should be terrorized by the local cops. Not like this. And over nothing but the word homeless.

After I stopped pleading for my life, Bitchup was choking me unconscious again, for the sixth time. I did what they said and prepared myself for death. I thought about my daughter and wondered would she ever believe whatever lie they're going to have to tell her and the public. Would she believe them? I hope she never truly believes them. Too bad I taught her to trust police.

Then it all went black. And ADAM'S VOICE comes over me AND SAYS,

**"TRUST ME. THIS IS MY
WILL."**

The next thing I know, Bitchup is complaining that somehow my almost dead and limp body had hit his balls. And he was screaming about the pain of his balls. "He hit my balls. He hit my balls. Oh, my balls. Oh, my aching balls."

This act was of course followed by 16 punches to my side that would crack my ribs. I asked GOD - or ADAM, I found out- "Really? This is your will? I was better off dead. Now I have to feel

the pain of these two kicking my ass again. Why, Lord. This hurts.”

The show didn’t stop there.

Bitchup- after the ribs, after the teeth and after choking me- puts his mag light behind my knee, creating a fulcrum, and he proceeds to push down with all his 300 lb body weight till my knee breaks.

Painful. Very painful.

When Bitchup had done his little act about his balls, immediately - as if he were waiting for this to happen- Rabang runs from around the corner and he begins to beat on me.

“Oh, you’re gonna hurt my buddy? I will show you, pal. You can’t do that to a cop. What’s wrong with your kind. What’s wrong with you homeless people?”

And he proceeds to abuse me too.

“My favorite part of my job is making homeless people like you scream in pain. Now scream, you piece of shit.”

Upon saying this, Rabang took hold of the handcuffs and twisted them in a direction my wrist will not comply with. He tells me “scream, or I will break ‘em” - real valuable police work.

I was asleep in bed almost an hour ago. Now I’m fighting for my life and police are the ones trying to kill me.

Shit.

They didn’t stop here, nope. Eureka police drive me to the hospital, tie me down, surround me with around

ten police, and give me the first and only tetanus shot I have ever received by police while getting arrested.

Before the nurse approaches me with this needle that had an unknown substance inside, the police are having fun saying, “we’re gonna kill you, homeless man. Prepare to die.”

While I’m handcuffed to the gurney, having no options and not knowing what was in that shot – not to mention the police and their threats to kill me, being beating, teeth broken, knee ruined forever – once again, I was forced to fight for my life. I was forced to kick the nurse in the face with my foot. This awarded me another assault charge.

During trial, the D.A. had used this against me. He said that I was terrible because I would kick a woman in the face. And that I was extra terrible because I would kick a woman in the face three times. Never mind

the fighting for my life part and telling me you're killing me business.

Good job, Mikel. Now tell CAIN when you started to wake up. When you had your own awakening to what's possibly going on. Tell them about school.....

OK. I was in school, or really just trying to be. I was always the first to apply for everything I needed - but, somehow, I was also the last student served. This was the case for housing, food card, books for school, and loan money as well.

It was my second attempt at going to the College of the Deadwoods, because of the assault by Lame Rabang and Bitchup the year before. I just started fresh again. And right away, again, the school started giving me the run around. No money for books, loan money won't arrive till after midterms, and housing - even though I was the first to apply - was

questionable at most and likely
wouldn't happen till semester break.

Which left me homeless. I didn't
get it. Just like at the MOTEL SICK.
Here I was, a paying customer, and I
couldn't get what I was paying for.

I was being treated like I was -
DIFFERENT THAN THEM.

That's when I woke up. The
system isn't fair for all.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT, CAIN?

THAT'S WHEN I NOTICED SOME
PEOPLE, OR THINGS, ARE OUT OF
PLACE. ABEL said.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE MORE
THAN THEY COULD EVER WANT.

OTHERS DON'T EVEN HAVE
WHAT THEY NEED.

The Piggy Police are ruining
people's lives. They ruined Mikel's fire
job – not once, mind you, but twice.
Not to mention ruined his forestry
career on top of that.

That's not right.

That's not how the job of law is
done.

Then I asked myself, what else
is broke?

Education at the College
seemed to be for some, but definitely
not inclusive for OTHERS. Like Mikel.

Education, turns out, was just
stealing the loan money and leaving
nothing left over for books. They
wouldn't even give Mikel books to help

him, CAIN. BOOKS, CAIN? With school. You don't need a lot of tools at a school, but you do need a book. Not to mention the cost of education is very, very high, CAIN.

It's as if education wasn't created for everybody. Or everything, if I may, seeing as how Mikel was treated like a thing from another planet by school staff. He was never given equal respect. They never applied concern. Never applied care.

What else is broken? Medicine?

Medicine is broken.

Mikel's own grandmother died – not from cancer – but from the radiation the hospital gave her to fight the cancer. Shit's broken.

What else is broken? You know what? Never mind that. Instead, you know what, big brother, CAIN?

I'VE HAD ENOUGH. If your morons and half breeds don't like Mikel because he is short on friends - well, let THEIR KIND know that they are really gonna hate him WHEN I CALL MY DRINKING BUDDIES together.

CAIN -YOUR MORONS HIT ME IN THE HEAD WITH A ROCK LAST TIME MIKEL WAS ROBBED!!!!

A ROCK CAIN. A mother fuckin rock.

DID YOU FORGET TO TELL THEM ABOUT THE ROCK, CAIN?!

I THINK WE WROTE THAT DOWN!

IN FACT, I'M SURE OF IT. IT'S IN
A BOOK SOMEWHERE. CAN'T SEEMS
TO THINK OF WHAT BOOK THOUGH,
CAIN. REMIND ME AGAIN, WHAT BOOK
WAS THAT?

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU AND
THIS FIGHT, CAIN. THIS IS YOUR
FAULT.

This is all your fault. All your
fault, CAIN.

I smell a fish out of water -

LOAD UP, TEXAS.

NASHVILLE, ARE WE READY?

**DENVER, CAN I GET AN
AMEN?**

OH, YOU'RE GONNA REGRET
HAVING ME HIT IN THE HEAD WITH A
ROCK, CAIN, AND I'M GOING TO MAKE
ABSOLUTE CERTAIN OF THAT. HADN'T
LEARNED ABOUT THAT YET, HAVE
YOU?

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. THIS IS OK
BY ME. Fine with me. You about to
learn, CAIN, that's for certain, cause
I'ma learn you real good, CAIN. I'ma
learnt 'ya brother. REAL GOOD. LEARN
YA REAL GOOD. BELIEVE THAT.

I smell a fish out of

water, so.....

LOAD UP, TEXAS?

NASHVILLE, ARE WE READY?

**DENVER, CAN I GET AN
AMEN?**

YOU HIT ME IN THE HEAD. WITH
A ROCK!!!!!! OH, MAN.

OH, THAT'S NEVER BEEN DONE
BEFORE, CAIN. HOW ORIGINAL. TOO
BAD FOR YOU - YOU WILL NEVER
LEARN WILL YOU.

THAT'S IT. NO MORE MR. NICE
GUY. YOUR ASS IS MINE BROTHER,
YOUR ASS IS MINE.

Chapter 7
What did you just do, ABEL?

ABEL? What did you just do?

I called for backup. That's what I did. I'm fed up with this. I'm fed up with this fight. I called my drinking buddies. (Abel yells to the sky) IF YOU DIDN'T LIKE ME WHEN I DIDN'T HAVE FRIENDS, OH, YOU REALLY GONNA HATE ME WHEN I DO HAVE MY FRIENDS WITH ME, WON'T YA?

WHAT DID YOU JUST DO, ABEL?

I called for backup, Mikel. Just called me a little backup. DAT'S ALL. Relax....

Like a militia?

Exactly like a militia, Mikel.

As in the four horsemen of the apocalypse from the Bible, type of back up?

I never understood why they call them that, there's five.....

ABEL !!!

Yes. Exactly like the 4 horsemen, Mikel.

But you only called three.

Four's coming, so what?

But you said yourself there's five. ABEL, you have to follow the rules. You have to call them all in order. Why didn't you call the last one?

And what is the name of the last one?

Oh, I know he'll be there.

He'll be there?

ABEL, the last horseman's name, what is it?

Can't tell you everything. I don't keep up with that anymore. I'm sure it's something stupid like the other guys and girl. (Why we ever.....ABEL says to himself.)

ABEL. The last horseman is DEATH, I'm pretty certain it is. ABEL, why didn't you call on DEATH?

Is it, DEATH? Is that what they call it nowadays?

Why didn't you call death?
ABEL?

ABEL, are you DEATH?

Uh....

ABEL – tell me.....ABEL, you're death aren't you?

Oh, Mikel, you make it sound like such a bad thing. What's the problem?

EXCUSE ME MIKEL, but if I'm not mistaken – DIDN'T you try to commit suicide last week. I thought you'd be glad I finally show up. SHIT. What's the problem here? Sorry if I'm late.

Am I that terrible? Doesn't it count for anything that I love having a good time, women, drinking beer with the dogs, cigarettes, dancing, going to church. I'm a HUMANITARIAN, mind you, who's fighting for your freedom - mind you, - who just wants to go home and go fishing? Fish gotta die too, you know. Is that so terrible? Am I that ugly sounding? I try so hard, too. I really do.

MIKEL, THEY HIT ME - YOU - IN THE HEAD WITH A ROCK. THAT REALLY PISSES ME OFF. AND I HAVE BEEN HERE AN AWFUL LONG TIME HOPING FOR CHANGE. But change don't come lest you make it come. Time to get hard boiled.

ABEL, I don't want no part of the apocalypse. No part at all.

Don't you worry about that, son?

But didn't you just start the apocalypse?

Yes, I did, but – that! - doesn't mean anything just yet. Mikel, I can't tell you everything. You're just gonna have to trust me. Mikel, when you prayed for success, I knew right then this might be our only chance at doing this. Doing this right and winning this time. We have the power of your prayer now. We have to do this now.

Ascending. To show them you can do it. And VOTE. You prayed the right prayer. We have to try.

How long will it take them to get here?

I don't know Mikel. They're kind of lazy, in my opinion. Plus, it's been 200k years since the last Apocalypse. We will have to wait and see. Why 'ya asking?

I have to warn people, that's why.

Oh. THAT. They'll never believe you, Mikel. But I understand what you're thinking. Go ahead and tell them, but you can't tell them everything. Remember the rules. DEMZ DUH RULEZ, OK? Gotta follow the rules, it's in the rules.

ABEL, you just started the Apocalypse!!!! The real actual last chapter in the Bible version of shit just hit the fan. I need to warn people. At least my family. SHIT!!!!

And I don't remember kicking a dog or killing a stray cat or ever making a deal with the devil for my soul. How'd you, the spirit of death, get in there? How'd you get inside of me?

Spirit of DEATH? Spirit of DEATH? I'm offended. Do I really sound that UGLY to you, Mikel? Do I? I sound that ugly to you. Wow.

Mikel, I am not the spirit of death. I am not even the angel of death, either. Those are two different jobs, with two different - uh- people, I guess doing those two jobs.

I am the Strike Team leader of the Apocalypse Weapon. General to the Army of the DAMNED. General to the Army of DARKNESS - which I prefer you call them the Army of Dorkness. Army of Dorkness, see? I like that. Doesn't sound so scary. I am the General - GENERAL DEATH. But I prefer to be called ABEL TO DO ANYTHING.

It's a rank. A rank that is inside of a Military. It's just a job. And if it makes you feel better, I hate my job too. Seems hereditary throughout the galaxies and universes - so get used to

it. Mikel, go to sleep, we got a busy day tomorrow

Chapter 8

The first conversation revisited

March 1st, 2010 Eureka,
California

CAIN, these people deserve to live. They take care of their young and elders and deserve to be awoken and accepted. They do not deserve to die.

Jesus, is this how this is going to start, ABEL?

DON'T SAY THAT NAME! Don't you dare say that name; not after what you did. And expect to do next.

The tension started immediately.

This is what I walked into. A FEW moments ago, I was out on the street begging for change. This strange guy in a wheelchair offered to buy me a beer and let me drink with him- IF I would drink the beer at his place. Which happened to be a rundown hotel that was close by.

As soon as we sat down the two brothers started at each other. The mood was very thick with tension. The conversation went back and forth very rapidly. All sorts of odd stuff was being talked about. The two brothers talked about the invention of baseball, chess, pick up sticks, and go fish. I remember ABEL saying baseball is only fair if you're on your team - 9 against one. Only you would think that's fair.

At one-point ABEL got up to leave. Angry and frustrated.

NO, brother, don't go. Please don't go. I need you - I need someone like you here. You're the only one of our kind that's still here with me. Please don't leave. I'm so lonely and I'm alone. No one understands me, or home the way you do. Stay with me, brother, please. Please don't leave me, please don't leave. Not now. Not yet. Not like this. PLEASE. Please 'lil brother?

My helpers won't even get me a book to read. No one understands me. I'm so lonely, brother. Don't leave yet. Don't leave yet. We still have some time. Don't leave like this - please don't leave me. please.....'lil brother, please.

This was a very sincere breakdown by CAIN. He truly wanted to be with his brother. There was real fear in his voice after ABEL threatened to leave.

And there was true compassion in ABEL'S voice when he said - I understand being alone brother, I do. So, I will stay - but I can't stay long. And I'm not going to fight with you either.

So, I will stay till the next escalation.

At least we can talk now, big brother. I am proud to be past all the fighting, brother, I am. And I don't want to fight with you, so I will stay as long as possible....

Can we not talk about the vote right now, and just be together, ABEL? Please, my helpers won't even fetch me a book. I have been asking for a very long time now. I don't think they treat me very well.

Yes, I will Brother. Just for you, Brother. Just because I know how you feel. To be Alone. I've been alone inside most of the prisons that you put my prison host bodies in - all of my lives.

You know CAIN, your goons have almost killed another one of my prison host bodies, AGAIN. What gives? Y'all beat my bodies almost all the time NOW. And without cause. The last two times Mikel's been beaten he was asleep when it happened - what kind of policing is that? There's no reason for Mikel to be in trouble, jailed, or beaten. Not like this. I know you've done something to my prison host's body, and I want you to change it immediately. I don't know exactly what it is - OR IF THEY'RE OUT TO KILL

YOU AND OVERTHROW YOU. But,
THEY, THE GOONS, ACT DIFFERENT.

THESE homeless war pigs
AREN'T even DOING THEIR JOB RIGHT,
BUT that's ONLY MY OPINION.

CAIN, TURNING ON THE LOVE
LIGHT, WE can do it. WE COULD BE
HOME RIGHT NOW IF WE DID THAT.
WE EVEN WROTE THAT DOWN. BUT
WE WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO DO IT if
we keep doing what we are doing.

YOU HAVE TO CHANGE YOUR
MIND ABOUT THE VOTE. We must
release the shame first. We have to lift
the shame.

CAIN, WHY DO YOU HAVE ME
HERE? IS IT BECAUSE OF THE MORONS
AND THEIR attempted murder against
Mikel? Again, mind you?

I just wanted to see you. It's
your birthday. I wanted to tell you how
sorry I am about your birthday. I'm
sorry I got rid of it.

CAIN, you never got rid of my birthday. It's ok, brother. I know it was killing you. Pun intended. To have it, or say it, without me around. Vote counting day. February 30th.

I HARDLY CARE ANYMORE,
BEEN HERE SO LONG. Besides, who needs to count votes anymore?
Machines will do it right, isn't that correct?

BUT that's when all this
between us started, big brother. You started a war that day. That's when I really got upset. You changed the democracy around here. And I can tell you with certainty; the humans could've ascended by now, if you only allow them a true democracy.

But it's been ok with me,
brother, because my birthday isn't gone. My birthday just has a new name - just like me. And the new name always reminds me that you have to MARCH FIRST - INTO BATTLE.

Besides who needs vote counting day anymore – isn't that your opinion without giving the humans a full-fledged democracy, like it is back home. It's only your vote that matters, isn't it? You don't even let the humans have a democracy; do you hate them that much? There is no such thing as democracy when seven of the eight people and things in the democracy don't even exist. It's impossible.

Why do you even pretend with democracy when you and I know that you won't allow it? The way it is, the way it is back home, One Citizen, One vote. Why don't you even let them have a true democracy here in prison, CAIN?

Democracy has its flaws, ABEL.

No, it doesn't, CAIN. But there's obviously going to be problems when seven of the eight - in a diplomatic conversation- DON'T EVEN EXIST!

CAIN, THAT HAS TO BE FIXED.
NOW. There is no getting around that.

And you and I both know that
CAN'T BE DONE without the shame
being lifted. That has to be first. THE
SHAME MUST BE LIFTED.

There is no other way - we
can't.

CAIN.

But how?

Democracy is a diplomatic
process where all are involved, you
know this. And one group cannot be
overpowered. Or not involved at all. It
has to be that way, CAIN. You know
this. It works back home.

I won't allow it. These humans are a mistake. They're not even supposed to exist. I'm ashamed of them. They're so ugly. And gross. They're a mistake.

Chocolate chip cookies were a mistake!!! - You like that mistake!!!. Humans made that mistake!!! Can't go one day without your chocolate chip cookies, can you? They made that - and you love them, don't you?

What about the gate?

We still don't know. We won't know till we do it. We have to try. Others have done it. And this one ain't so bad. He's been in so many of your friend's jails that semen won't be an issue. You and I both know he won't need water or food if he gets there ok. His stomach is small. I've taught him how to meditate through the hunger pains. I know this body can do it. But I need you to change your mind about the shame and about the vote.

CAIN, why do you tell them to eat three meals a day? They're not building pyramids anymore. They don't need that much food anymore. You don't even feed the humans food and you will make fun of them for being fat.

Mikel survives off three to five meals of ramen noodles a week, that's 20 meals a month. What excuse do you have for treating the humans like that? I know the ascension can be done, and we have to try now. I know of another gate, don't make me find it.

CAIN, there has to be something we can do to just give it one shot. We might need new rules, but we both know that this is the first step. We can't go up there with the shame not being lifted. LIFT THE SHAME. We have to lift the shame.

This conversation went on for two hours and often got pretty heated. Odd things were recalled and even laughed about. The brother named CAIN never raised his voice. But I - I

mean ABEL- raised his voice and went overboard often. I was amazed at how CAIN kept his calm.

At one-point ABEL broke down and said to his brother, "You have eyes like mom. I'm so glad you stopped me from leaving. You two have the most beautiful eyes. Do you remember what mom made for you that birth year?"

Yeah, Tanzanite – She made you picture Jasper.

I know and then she hid them from us – for fighting. Even in jail she still mothered us.

We've both come a long way from then, little brother.

Yes, we have, CAIN. I'm glad we can talk again. It's good to talk to you again, brother. I have missed you. I'm

very proud of you that we can finally talk again and move away from fighting. I have missed you - my brother. I have.

I looked up to you growing up. I'm sorry I have raised my voice at you. It has nothing to do with your authority. However, I care more for the humans, and mom's dying wish, than your authority. Or ego, mind you. I can assure you we haven't been doing this right. We can get that light on. I know we can. And I don't think the half breeds want it to come on. I think they like it here. I don't trust your half breeds. I don't trust them at all. And I do not think the half breeds have your best interest in mind. I don't think they respect you. I don't even think they want you alive. I'm not even sure they like you the way they used to.

DON'T CALL THEM HALF
BREEDS. THEY DO NOT BREED.

I KNOW. AND I FEEL REAL BAD FOR
THEIR KIND. CAUSE THAT'S THE
MOST FUN A MAN CAN HAVE IN TEN
HOURS.

TEN HOURS?????!

WHO YOU THINK YOUR TALKIN TO, BIG
BROTHER?

There was a quiet still in the conversation
for a few moments.

You can really breed for ten hours? - asked
CAIN.

Depends on the girl, but yeah,
sometimes, if I'm not in a hurry.

CAIN, I love you. But it has
taken me a very long time to
remember this love for you. But, mark
my words, it's not going to be the
same as before. I'm not doing this
MOM'S way anymore. I want to go
home. I want to go fishing. Fish gotta
die to and I miss my girl's dog and
home.

You and I both know that this place isn't like home. You call it a mistake, but it's more than a mistake. And I wish you could see that. I wish I could help you see that.

MOM was right. This relative and these humans have their place among us. It's time to set them free.

CAIN, democracy is like a train. But this train, we build this train as we go along. It takes two tracks to make a train run. One on the left. One on the right. Sometimes the train is going to come to an obstacle and the train is going to have to go right for a while in order to get around that obstacle. And at other times there's going to be another obstacle and the train is going to have to go left. BUT DEMOCRACY runs right down the middle.

DEMOCRACY IS PERFECT,
MOTHER FUCKER. AND DON'T YOU
COMPLAIN ABOUT IT WHEN IT WAS
YOUR IDEA.

If we keep going right – making the right decision all the time, big brother - all we do is go in circles. CAIN. Give them a true democracy. The way it is back home. Let's not go in circles anymore. Let's not do that. Not AGAIN. Make a new choice, CAIN.

Chapter 9

INTRO THE 4 HORSEMEN

That night at the vortex -

I call pestilence.

Nope. No way. That position is mine.

I'm the boss, I call pestilence. I say - First AWAKE, first dibs!!!!

No way. That position is mine.

And mine.

Oh, y'all are no fun.

D- man, take a shower. You ever gonna change?

Fuck you, boss. Asshole.

Good to see you too. Just kidding.

FAM!!! - man, you ugly. SAY SOMETHING. That's an order. Never mind. I might've said that backwards.

Shit, boys, and girl and whatever you are, MY-FAM- MAN. We may never find out. Fellas, girl- we have work to do.

Where you want to meet - 4th Ave.?

No, I GOTTA better place than 4th Ave. That's so last Apocalypse. If you ain't noticed, one of my followers- if you will- has so kindly built a terrible likeness of me in front of the library. We will meet there.

Which one?

Exactly, see you there....

A few moments later we met,

You call that a likeness?

Oh, don't make fun of them. I think it's adorable, I did say terrible likeness. You don't like it?

Well.

What! Fam, what about you? Do you like it?

He just shot a look, didn't say anything. Always the quiet one.

Man, this really hurts my emotionals. They did a good job, I think. Especially with the red spikey part. Damn, I like it.

You don't like it - I mean, you really don't like it?

Why are we here?

Cuss, I miss you. No, sorry, we have work to do.

Man, what a drag. I really like it here. I like what they have. Why can't they just share and get along?

I don't know, Pesty. I really don't know.

Man, why does everybody hate their job? I mean it's everybody. Universal, too. My dad included.

Why? Don't you hate yours? Don't you hate your job?

Well, of course I do, but I can do whatever a human does all day long. I love their work. But it's just crazy how we are all so alike. Dad, you, me, CAIN, the programmers, and the humans.

Why did it start this time?

Why? Why? Cause I'm sick of being here, that's why. Shit, ain't you?

No.

No?

Fam? What about you? Do you like it here?

Ever the quiet one, FAMINE just looks away.

D-Man?

I like it here. You can smoke. I like laughing.

Yeah, me too, but I got this new thing I want to do. I'm sick of fighting too. I am. And the old way ain't getting the results I want. Plus, they hit me in the head with a rock. Like Mikel's black eye?

NO, THEY DID NOT!!!! OMG!!!!!!
THOSE Stupid MOTHER FUCKERS. Oh, that makes me so mad.

Now, Pesty, hold up, girl.

I know. 6 million ways to kill me, and we've done each of them 100 million times, and they pull the good old rock-upside-my-head bullshit. Fine by me. Now you see why I got you here. Look, this time, I'm going across first.

But how will we? I mean...how are we supposed to -

Pesty, you're second in command so that's a question I should ask you. But I don't care to find out cause I trust you. Look, none of you can do what I'm proposing to do. So, it has to be this way. I have to go first. D- man, whatever, can you go and find the other humans? No, you can't.

What about you FAM?

You see? Hey, I don't like it either, but it has to be me. I'm the only one that knows where they might be.

What do we do till then?

Well, we avoid each other - like the plague (ABEL and DISEASE both look at the other and laugh).

That was a good one. One of your best. D- Man, was I proud of you. I will never order you around. No more "impress me" to you. I have learned my lesson there. I still think the plague was a little overboard, but nonetheless effective. Good job. I'll never tell you to impress me ever again. That's my D-man.

The A Team. Started picking on

ABEL - HEY!!! What did Jesus say?

He said, if you're gay hit 'em in the head with a rock!!!

He never said that! - Pesto

He said if you live a long and miserable life you'll have a really big house and be rich in heaven-

HE NEVER SAID THAT EITHER,
Pesty, Ok. Ok. Bad example. Bad
example. Cease and desist. Cease and
desist. That's an order.

Well, what did he say then?

What did who say? What did
Jesus say? Well, I will tell you what he
said.

What Jesus said was, GET TO
WORK, YOU UGLY BARNACLES OF
JUSTICE. Man, y'all bother me
sometimes. But....

Man, it's so good to see you
four again. I love you guys - and girl,
too. I love you guys. I really do. Look,
this is the only idea I got that's
different than before. The old ways
aren't working. So.....trust me.

Trust you? Oh, that's hilarious -
Luna?

I wasn't alone in that and she's
forgiven me. Jesus forgives me; pray
tell what's your problem?

Mars –

That stopped an apocalypse and
YOU were involved. Both of you. ALL
OF YOU.

Tikal-

Who gave them the map,
PESTY? – Famine back me up on this
one?

Atlantis –

I was drunk, my finger slipped,
PESTY.

Aquarius –

That was never supposed to be that
bad.

Alexandria –

That was your idea Pesty, I just gave the
order.

Alexandria –

Once again, I was drunk, sorry.

Alexandria-

FAMINE lost the

keys.

Alexandria -

D- MAN lost the

keys.

Alexandria -

PESTO lost the keys.

Alexandria -

You lost the keys that time,
PESTY.

Alexandria -

Ok, I lost the keys that time, but
you talked me and the guys into it.

Alexandria -

I have no excuse for that one.

Alexandria -

You were there; you were drunk too.

Alexandria -

All right, fine, I get it - we suck.

Pompeii -

Oh, that one. Once again, FINGER SLIPPED - wasn't drunk- but I was really stoned. You know a "DO YOU REALLY WANT TO DESTROY POMPEII" BUTTON WOULD'VE BEEN NICE TO HAVE BACK THEN TOO, YOU KNOW.

Aztlan -

Oh, man this is useless. That was four civilizations ago. Why won't I

ever be forgiven for that? Why? Why are you guys so unforgiving?

Black Sea -

That. Oh girl, did you have to bring that up? You know, that gives me an idea. Everyone, raise your hand. That's an order.

(They all four comply)

Now, guys- let down your hands. I said guys, Pesty. Keep your hand raised, Pesty. Now, does anyone have a question? Oh, Pesty, you have your hand raised. Do you have a question for me?

Can I kick your ass?

Don't you mean MAY I kick your ass? And, yes you may once I give the order. You can lower your hand, girl. Now, gentlemen and girl...Get to work - that's an order!!!! LOVE YOU gnarls and whatever else y'all are.....till we meet again.

And just like that, the
apocalypse weapon was initiated. The
Apocalypse began April 1st, 2016 in
Tucson, AZ USA at the downtown
Valdez library sitting next to a giant
red statue of the Fourth Horseman.

Chapter 10

ABEL talks to the Army of Darkness

That night at the Vortex -

DAWN report -

I'm pushing them back, but I
need reinforcement.

DAWN, I'm working on getting you the best. You're doing a fine job. Keep it up.

TWILIGHT report -

There is hope that they can get along. I know it's possible.

Good report, thank you.

SHADOW, you play both sides and I don't like that. Report -

They are strong in number and increasing their strength where you have vulnerabilities.

Thank you.

TICK TOCK, can you get any more time?

CAN YOU MAKE SOME -
SYNTHETICALLY? WITHOUT
HARVESTING? I need as many humans
as possible right now.

Well, figure it out. You are a
smart man so do your best. I know you
are. Thank you for your service.

DARKNESS, how much longer
can you hold them back?

Not long.

How's the gate holding up?

We are in short supply of time
for our negotiations. We are at 25%
strength. We absolutely have a critical
shortage of time.

Are we still in negotiations?

Yes.

LIGHTS, how are the two of you holding up?

We are fine, but they don't want to share. We can do this. I know we can.

Understood, Luna. We are still in negotiation at this time.

ARMY OF DARKNESS - you look fat. I need you to cut back. Start extra training and tone down so you can be quick. I want you training all day till you fall. Then get up and do it again. That's an order.

You will break into a group of four. There will be two crews training, two crews watching. I need you to train and I need you to train harder - cause you fuckers need it; trust me.

UNTIMELY, TIMELY - great job.
Can't complain. Keep it up.

ACCIDENTAL - I want you to stay
away from the workers and work sites.
THERE WILL BE NO WORK-RELATED
DEATHS.

ABSOLUTELY NO
UNDERGROUND MINER DEATHS. AND
NO IRON WORKER DEATHS. Not till I
change my orders. Understood?

That's an order.

Also, I need to send a message
to the higher ups, so there is another
order. NO FIRE FIGHTER DEATHS FOR
THE ENTIRE YEAR - understood? I
don't want ANY work-related accidents
unless it's at a weapons factory. And I
mean - BIG weapons factory. I want
fireworks!

Not a gun factory, but maybe a
big bomb factory. They want a bomb,
give them one - or a dozen- **AT THE
SAME TIME.** RIGHT WHERE THEY
CREATE THEM. Let's show them WE
are not to play with. Death is MINE to
command.

The LAW says, if I'm not mistaken, that DEATH IS AT MY COMMAND, so act accordingly. And please wake those MORONS up.

Fireworks - baby. Impress me - that's an order.

Cancer - you don't belong here. You are not one of us. You were created. You are not a force of nature, and how you came into our circle and grew up the ranks and got into everything down there, I do not know. But I will say this. You will call off your allies from stealing the very plant that could get rid of you. You are not going to gang up and steal the cure for you and BURN IT, if you're not going to let them BURN IT, CAPICHE? That's an order.

Purposeful and sacrificial are currently on assignment, so I don't need to hear from them.

Army of Darkness- you have work to do, but NO ONE attacks till I give the command. Train and train hard till I return. That's an order.

WTF is inside me!

Don't worry, Mikel. It's only me, ABEL - the General of the ARMY OF DARKNESS. You're fine. You did good.

OH NO, ABEL!!!! Oh, hell no.....I gotta do something. I didn't make a deal with the devil. I never sold my soul to the devil. I don't remember ever kicking a dog or KILLING A STRAY CAT. How'd you get in there? WTH man? The Apocalypse? You just started the apocalypse!? Oh, hell no. I gotta do something.

Mikel, you can't get rid of me. I am your soul. I am not a spirit. Not anymore. I am your soul. I am as much a part of you as your middle finger, thumb, or voice. You could get rid of

me, but life wouldn't be the same
without me – pun intended.

But look, Mikel, I like to pretend
that I am fair.

So, I will let you do whatever

you think is right. I'm getting an

exorcism!!!!!! Immediately!!!!!!

Don't do that. Anything but that
– NO, I'm just kidding. Sounds like a
great idea. It's a deal. Let's see what
DAD sees in Pastor Alice and that
Motley Crew. Go get exorcised by the
church. Sounds pretty smart. Let's do
that. But, Mikel, time is pretty
important. Time is an issue. We don't
have too much time, Mikel; not
without harvesting. I need you humans
in larger numbers right now – I can't
harvest. Not right now. So – how about
two weeks? Let's get exorcised. That
might be fun. Reminds me of that
song – "Let's get physical, let's get
physical.....I want to get physical."

ABEL, I HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING NOW!!!! THE
APOCALYPSE? SHIT MAN, I HAVE TO
TELL SOMEONE - MY CHURCH!!!!

MIKEL, YOU CAN'T TELL THEM
EVERYTHING - IT'S IN THE RULES.

I'll write in a simple code.

YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING
THEN AND THEY FIGURED IT OUT
SLOWLY ON THEIR OWN - follow the
rules. Gotta follow the rules, that's in
the rules. GOOD MAN. SHOULD FLOAT.

Doing my best to explain what I
have accidentally fallen into as I
pursued an HVAC career in Tucson
was no simple task. And ignored.
Thankfully. But only sort of.

Two weeks later -

What does dad see in Pastor
Alice and this motley crew? I don't get

it. I'm sorry, Mikel, I am. I was gonna make a big laugh for myself and surprise you when it was officially over. 600 million demons should've taken at least three weeks. I was gonna make that girl work hard for her money.

They ruined my fun.

I know how you must feel – I have been through these 600 million lifetimes, Mikel. You're not my first soldier. Mikel, how bout we go have some fun. I know an Army of Dorkness that's tired of training. And I still need to talk to EARTH COUNCIL again.

Chapter 11

The first Awakening **Revisited**

We were on day six – or eight. No one is truly sure. I only remember three suns and three moons; so I only remember three days.

I was on an illegal and deadly recipe of hallucinogenics. Ten grams of PCP ingested involuntarily, seven hits of LSD eaten voluntarily, and seven mysterious mushrooms, also ingested voluntarily.

ABEL'S rage developed after he had left his long-lost brother behind at the hotel. ABEL'S rage was immeasurable in size and discomfort. This was the biggest rage event any person who, no fault of his own, broke local arrest records (5 times in one day), could endure WITHOUT an arrest.

Let me explain.

When I found out that my ex-wife was moving (AGAIN) across country (AGAIN) and I was supposed to follow (AGAIN) for round 8 of pick-up-and-move-across-the-country (AGAIN); well, let's just say I was upset, as my arrest record for that record breaking day, will clearly and undisputedly support – I was in a bad mood. A very bad mood.

However.

On March 1st, 2010 Rah gently helped ABEL recall –

This is all mom and dad's fault.

THIS ISN'T YOUR DAD'S FAULT, ABEL – the big bang, ABEL – it's not your dad's fault – the big bang, don't you remember? ABEL - think?

The BIG BANG, ABEL, don't you recall?

Oh, I recall NOW-

YOU MOTHER FUCKER. CAIN IS A
MOTHER FUCKER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! OH, I
REMEMBER NOW. I'M GONNA KILL HIM.
I'm gonna kill him!!!!

THOU SHALT NOT KILL, ABEL.

JESUS, STAY OUT OF THIS. NO
ONE NEEDS YOUR PACIFISTIC SHIT
RIGHT NOW. THIS IS A FAMILY
MATTER. STAY OUT OF THIS....

THOU SHALT NOT KILL, ABEL -

WHAT DID I SAY? WHAT DID I
SAY.....stay out of this, you
three.....all of you, I'm killing him.

Jesus, ADAM, and Rah worked
on ABEL for the entire six to eight
days.

Now, I brought up my arrest
record- and by that I mean my
Guinness world record breaking arrest

record inside Humboldt County- to tell you this. The level of disappointment I felt on the day my daughter left town might've baited me the record in Humboldt County Jail in the eyes of the law. However, when ABEL goes ballistic - for 6-8 days, mind you- there's no arrest, whatsoever, till the end. Not even one arrest within the 6-8-day time frame that I was raging pissed 24 hours a day and making sure everybody knew about it. I mean everybody and everything. Throughout the entire county. From Fortuna - where it ended, to Arcata, where it actually started.

Same body. Same dude. Same kind of anger that netted 5 arrests in one sunup to after sundown time frame. But this time was 8 days longer and a million times more pissed off.

Go figure.

And with no arrest to mention. No, in fact, I'm almost certain, by these simple recorded facts, that it

had been collectively decided to let ABEL vent.

Let this slide. It's probably the only thing keeping all of us alive at the moment. DON'T bother him - not right now.

ABEL is my soul. He feels everything I feel. Just not exactly the way I feel them in scope and magnitude - so, needless to say, he wanted to end my eight-day suffering that was solely coming from himself. Added, of course, to the aforementioned pain I felt from losing my career, health, family, and daughter. I was miserable. Very miserable. That's the only way I can describe it.

And ABEL truly wanted my suffering to come to an end.

So we ventured to a surreal location famous inside ABEL'S CREW,

his cherished circles. Once there, we were taken to another location – a small meeting room, if you will. Inside were five individuals. Two, I knew by name. One by first and last name. One by nickname only. Two I recognized by face only. And the other guy, I didn't even recognize what he was – literally.

Inside this room a ceremony occurred, and I was in the starring role. I spoke in tongues. They spoke in tongues. Each of us – four of the five – participated in this hour-long ritual that involved props. A debate formed that escalated when ABEL broke his tongues to ask - **IN ENGLISH** - does the eggshell resent the chicken when it's time to hatch and evolve? DOES IT?

DOES. IT.

Quiet.

AND WE RETURNED TO SPEAKING IN TOUNGES for a few moments longer. As I found out later,

ABEL had compassionately put an execution hit on me that only the big fish could stop.

WE HAD BATTER FISH TO FRY.

And we knew that if ABEL got what he wanted, that BIG fish, and all his other little bad fishes, would have their swamp drained, BONE dry, with no water to return to.

The strange looking man, if that is what he was, left the room with the Sergeant at Arms immediately and without hesitation - once the candle was out, so to speak. The master of ceremonies - nicknamed Sasquatch, who did NOT get this nickname in Humboldt County for being short, good looking, well dressed, or well mannered, or even, well behaved or any combination of these traits- mind you; has a look of utter disbelief on his face. And he humbly asked me, slowly with concern and fear all over his face like mud - Mikel, who are you? Who are you REALLY?

What difference does that make to you now?

Mikel, you just spoke a language that hasn't been written, or spoken, for reasons I can't explain, for 60,000 years - and I'd like to know - I would simply like to know - who are you, please?

I.

AM.

THE LITTLE ONE.

And I gave him a wink.

Now I bet you can't even imagine a seven-foot-tall ugly man running out of the room in fear, and neither can I. I can't imagine that either, because I watched him do this, and I just have to reflect on my memories.

As he left the room as fast as he could, he said - Oh shit. Oh shit. Do you know what this means? I mean, what this really means. Who woke him up? WE ARE ALL IN TROUBLE. ALL OF US. AAAALLLLLLLLLL OOOFFF UUSSS....

I am glad to say, I finally see what Sasquatch and the others were afraid of. For a second, I thought they just didn't like my kind.

Chapter 12

The Watchers

Austin, Texas circa 1997 -

Don't even ask me how or why I
did it, but I had just swallowed my first

3.5 grams of cocaine. Let's just say I wasn't getting high, but I also wasn't getting caught - not AGAIN. And because of my instinct to survive I found myself at A-town's beautiful community swimming hole, Barton Springs. It's a very long process to digest and overcome that much cocaine. So I was there at the springs dealing with this in as much solitude as I could find publicly for the entire day. 5 a.m. - 7 p.m.

My heart was racing. My body so hot from the drugs that steam was rising from the water next to my body. Don't do this. Don't do this ever, if you can.

At one point I ended up inside of a room completely surrounded by TV monitors. Thousands of them, everywhere. Inside the room was a small pack of - people, so to say. They had no arms. Long silver dress like garb on. Extra-large heads that made me wonder, "How'd you get your dress on?"

Eventually all five of them saw me - seeing them.

He sees us. He can hear what we are saying.

He can't do that. He can't be here. We have to kill him.

We can kill him; his heart is beating too fast. It'll be easy.

Let's do it, no one can ever find out about us.

NOT THIS ONE.

THIS ONE HAS A PURPOSE. HE WILL BE RETURNED - HE MUST SURVIVE. NO ONE WILL EVER BELIEVE HIM. IT WILL BE OK. THE PURPOSE IS MORE IMPORTANT. YOU WILL ALL COMPLY.

I have a purpose. What purpose? I'm a homeless junkie? What purpose could I have?

This stuck with me. This has stuck with me ever since.

Then....

Three years later I saw the watchers again. This time at a comic book convention on the cover of *Fantastic Four*, by Jack Kirby. I am not the only person to see these - uh, people?

And what the one said - this one has a purpose - has stuck with me ever since.

I thought my purpose was to get off heroin and drugs. I thought my purpose was to find GOD. Or bring my

daughter into the world. I thought it was my fire job. I thought it was my return to my fire job. I thought it was to confront that – MARK BITCHUP- at a trial facing 25 years for saying “you can lie to the jury. I do it all the time, Lame Rabang.” - that was stress.

I thought it was my first book – ABEL VS CAIN. I also thought it was another job, in HVAC. But now, I know what it could ONLY be.

Now I know.

Now I know.

Now I know.

My purpose?

I am the Martyr of the
Apocalypse. The eggshell that holds

back our demise, ABEL- ABEL to do anything. Lucky me, huh? Want to trade places?

Please.

Chapter 13

SECOND EARTH COUNCIL

That night at the vortex -

DARKNESS, REPORT -

WE need more time for negotiations.

Can you make some synthetically yet?

No, SIRE.

I see. How long do we have right now?

We are at 35%, SIRE.

DAWN, REPORT -

WE are holding them steady but
some back up would be much
appreciated, SIRE.

LIGHTS, REPORT-

WE CAN SHARE BUT THEY WON'T LET US.

TWILIGHT, REPORT-

I SEE GOOD IN THEM. WE CAN
SHARE.

NATURAL DISASTER, REPORT-

You mean to tell me that on that
entire list, all you have for me is - "U"?
How did they ever become so
powerful, so QUICKLY? Let me KNOW
when **that!** - improves. Right away.
Make that your priority. Do you copy?

That's an order.

WEATHER REPORT-

THEY HAVE DEVISED A
WEAPON, I REGRET TO SAY, THAT I AM
COMPLETELY AND UTTERLY
DEFENSELESS AGAINST. I AM ALMOST
COMPLETELY DETROYED, HOLDING AT
AROUND 15%. I AM ASHAMED TO SAY.
SORRY, SIRE. I REGRET to say this, but
I am almost wiped out. Sire.

PRECIOUS, REPORT-

We are one, wholesome and
bountiful. Remember the miracle
always happens at the last minute,
General.

Speaking of which-

That brings me to RESEARCH
AND DEVELOPMENT - MIRACLES.
MIRACLES, YOU GOT ANYTHING FOR
ME? Anything? - PLEASE.

In the voice of Jerry Garcia came
the words,

WE WILL BE THERE.

WE. WILL. BE. THERE....

MISFITS AND MAYHAM -
REPORT.

WE GOT THIS ONE BABY!!!!!! -
Said MAYHAM

Chapter 14

Delegations with the Programmers

SHOW ME WHERE IT SAYS WE
CAN'T
HAVE AN APOCALYPSE FIRST. NOT IN
THE
RULES. SO, WE CAN DO IT. WE HAVE
TO
FOLLOW THE RULES. SORRY IF YOU
DON'T LIKE IT.

IT DOESN'T MATTER. THERE IS
NO RULE AGAINST IT, SO IT CAN BE
DONE.

I COULD TELL YOU EXACTLY
WHY WE ARE
doing things this way - but I can't tell
you everything - demz duh rulez, and

we gotta follow the rules. That's a rule.
It's in the rules.

The book? Oh, the book absolutely follows the rules. I will have you reminded that it was CAIN who invited me back to that hotel room; therefore, he initiated the awakening. The rules only say that CAIN has to initiate the awakening. It never says who gets to do all the dirty work. He bought the beer; he took me and Mikel to the hotel – he did that – it's been initiated by CAIN.

That's all the rule allows for.

So what? It's a book. And it most certainly follows the rules. The rules say THAT EACH HUMAN has to COME INTO AN awakening slowly on their own. Initiated by CAIN. That, sir, is a book. Every human who finds it will find it slowly on their own, in their own time. Therefore, it fits. Initiated by CAIN and the book will move slowly just like the rules say -

Gotta follow the rules, demz duh rulez. That's in the rules. The awakening cannot be stopped. CAIN can't even stop it. Do you want to KNOW WHY? Because I followed ALL DUH RULEZ.

It's a perrrrrrrrrfect fit and, also, I still don't care if you don't like that either.

At least it wasn't televised or on satellite radio like you guys were pushing for. It's a book. What's your fear? That other book fits your purpose just fine - that brother wrote. YOUR KIND don't have a problem with his book. What gives with this one? Mine ain't nearly so long and hard to understand. You might like it.

Hey, don't knock it till you read it - got you here, so don't complain.

Oh, and one last thing before you go - I have to say this again to

remind myself and you - I will NEVER apologize for ATLANTIS. It stopped an apocalypse, so get over and IT.

Shouldn't take you more than five years to program a response to my first strike apocalypse. Hope you have that long.....kiss my ass, too.

Chapter 15

ABEL delegates to the VAMPS'

I know you probably are one of the most vulnerable to lifting the shame. But you and I can also agree there is no other way. The awakening is already in motion. This is the next step.

Look, the rules say it must happen slowly - and it doesn't say anywhere HOW SLOW, slow goes.

Just cause we lift the shame
doesn't mean we tell them everything.
That would just send us backwards
with more wars and fighting. So, we
don't - I mean absolutely don't want to
go too fast. Fools rush in, I have
learned that one well. And I'm no
Russian. We need to go slow. I agree.

Slower in other cases, like the
imaginaries. Imagine the fear they
must be feeling. I gave them my word,
as I am also willing to give this same
promise to you guys as well, that I will
never go faster than you are
comfortable with. But I'm also never
gonna let you stay so comfortably idle
as well.

Let's not feed into ten thousand
fears of the future when all we are
doing is one very small, very
important task today - lifting the
shame. Which affects us all and
should've been accomplished by now.
Let's keep that in mind.

Since the court's decision-
honestly, tell me the truth. Have you
ever heard one complaint from me?
Ever?

I mean ever, too. Cause it's been a very long time.

Not once, have you? That's cause, I have to admit, you do a good job - at YOUR JOB.

There was a time you were out of hand. Admit it yourself. And that's the only reason I stepped in. But look, the courts weren't helping. And y'all were running the high horse, drunk on power.

But we are way, way, way, beyond that. And I have to say you do a good job AT YOUR JOB.

No matter what I know, it's just a job. And even if I don't agree with you personally- about your tactics and who you pick - I keep my opinion to myself.

Cause, lord knows, I don't want to trade you jobs. Your job's too much work.

Me? Oh, I'm just the finishing crew.

My crew does all the hard work. I just get all the credit. Really all I do is I just kiss the poor suckers goodbye with some of my lipstick and mercy dust. I don't break a sweat. The only hard part about my job WAS GETTING THE JOB. Beating big Abe to get control of the A.O.D.'S was no easy task, mind you. But don't you ever tell my crew you heard me say I don't work hard. Can't let them figure that out. They'll want my job, and I can finally take naps again.

Oh, I love taking naps. They're not bad at all.

No, I'm just the finishing crew. That's all. That's all I do.

But I will say this - as you might also agree with me having a similar type of job. Man, sometimes it's no easy job. I get sick of it, too. I do. I really do.

Let me ask you now, what kind of vote do you think you guys will give me?

Absolute Assured Confident?
Are you positive about that? That's a pretty big - I mean, that's much more than I ever imagined from your crew. Wow. I'm surprised. Honored in fact that you agree with me so much, the time for change is now.

Wow.

You do know what absolute assured confident vote means, don't you? That means you're willing to go to war over the idea. Till death. No more compromises. Ever again.

Our time is almost up, and we have one more thing to talk about. We both know I'm about to have to cross over and I need to take Mikel with me. I can't do my idea without him. I need to get across. So I need a suit that can make it across.....

Then we find the solution and we build the damned suit.

That's exactly how we do it! I know the risk as much as anyone else. I'm still willing to take that risk. There is no other way. However, if you ever come up with a better idea, please don't hesitate to fill me in. Until then, you have a job to do.

You have smarter friends than I do, so I have no doubt in your success. Keep in touch. I promise, you will not be disappointed in your vote - your new choice. I promise you that.

Chapter 16

ABEL delegates to the ORIGINALS

I know you guys probably hate me and I absolutely don't blame you, since it was mostly my fault for what's become of all this. Your home. Your way of life. I was hoping, like you, that brother and his crew - that we could all share.

And we all know I WAS WRONG. So, I won't ask you to forgive me. But I want you to know that I am truly sorry for how it's all turned out.

But look, we are at a turning point. The awakening having already been started, the ascension is our next vital move. And we can't ascend without the shame being lifted first.

You know as well as any other tribe that you humans never deserved the shame. You did nothing wrong. That was the choice of CAIN and his crew.

I never expected my brother would go so far to win as to create votes from machines. I never saw that coming.

And I really need you to vote. I don't NEED your vote. But I do need you to vote this time around. We have to show numbers of votes if we ever intend to win at this democracy.

I just want you to vote.

It's been a long time. I know you've lost faith in this wonderful thing we call democracy. I know you have.

Past being what it is, I sorta don't blame you.

However, Democracy isn't designed to be quiet and complacent. You can't just point out our flaws, homeboy, lest you gonna help us fix it. Democracy don't work like that.

Right now, believe it or not, tramps and I have a tie ball game with the management. 3/3. And I even got

one assured confident. I'm not saying who.

Brother and I still have to meet face to face in order to stop the apocalypse - if we choose to stop it. I'm going to take the opportunity to show brother around the 'ol prison. Show him how his "just-us leave" crew is doing at running this dump.

I don't ever suspect you will forgive me for what's become of all this. I was wrong. Very wrong. But in my defense, we each have made mistakes, if you will, along our path. So, let's not pretend this is all my fault. You stopped voting.

You want to blame me, that's fine. But we may never get this chance to lift this shame. Move away from the shame that's cursed this planet.

I'd love at least an assured vote, but given our history, I don't expect one.

I feel change in the wind this time. Got's me an official assured confident vote from an unlikely kingdom. That's never happened before.

You'd never guess. I got it from the vamps.

I know, right. Who'd have ever thunk it. The two of us in agreement. After all the battles. Transylvania. The witch trials. Just goes to show you how people and things can change.

I know you will have to council before you get back to me. Just tell them- well, tell them anything you like - but let them know I didn't mean for this to go this far off course. And I am very sorry. But democracy is our only hope of fixing our planet - for ALL
THAT ARE
INCLUDED IN LOSING THIS
PLACE.

And I ain't making any threats, I ain't making no promises; but I am the

general of the army of darkness- 4th HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE- so let me be very clear about the future. If they continue to win at this thing called democracy and get their wish - the new world order and the 1000 points of light- I have no other option than to pull it.

LAST ONE OR NOT.

I WILL HAVE NO OTHER AVAILABLE OPTION.

Do you want to be a computer program or be gone all together? Because I have a gate to defend and, in my kingdom's name, this Minecraft world- the new world order- ain't making it through that gate. I will die with you. But I'd rather you get your head into the game and start playing democracy with me.

Vote this time.

Trust me, you have everything to lose if you don't vote this time around. Cause their idea of a perfect world isn't making it through that

gate. I have to change their mind with democracy right now. It's the only logical way to do this. If I can't change their minds with a democratic solution, then we will all have to perish with war, and you know what I mean - so don't play with me.

That computer virus, or whatever you call it, will die right here if they ever win and kill what's left of our democracy. I have a gate to protect.

Chapter 17

ABEL delegates with the TRAMPS

I know I don't have to ask you for your vote. I want you to know - I truly appreciate that, I do. So I'm not going to waste our time talking about the shame being lifted.

But what I do want to do is take this time and give you some of my

ideas on how we can really shake this vote our way. I think we really have a chance this time. Vamps have given me their word on an absolute assured confident vote this time around.

Who knows why? Not what I was expecting from them. Maybe they're sick of being alive. Or maybe they're finally ready to die, like us. Who knows, but, bro - it ain't much, but this is the best we've EVER LOOKED.

ALWAYS BEEN JUST YOU AND ME.

Sometimes just you, when they incapacitated my prison host's body. I will never forget all those favors. Believe that. You know I won't.

I need someone to talk to the lizards, cause they will never listen to or EVER agree with me. THEY'RE STILL UPSET ABOUT ATLANTIS. They never shut up about it.

No way. Man. That's our little secret. That's how we won; I will never give that one up. No way.

Ruin my secret smile, nope. **Not**
gonna do it.

I haven't even told my crew. I let them think they did it together. Do you blame me? You remember the early days. I had to think of some way to boost their moral- get them believing in the battle- and the opportunity knocked. So..... Rest in pieces- is ATLANTIS.

Look, I keep yours and that one is my most cherished secret. So I hope our bond as brothers in this battle will keep that one, and that other one, just between you and me.

Tramp, you talk to people I can't talk to. You could talk to the morons. Get them started first talking about it, see where that leads us. They might be able to get the half breeds to at least start thinking about lifting the shame.

I know that if the vamps want change, with as many kingdoms as there are in this planetary republic, there will be others. There will surely be others.

Good news is we have a tie game right now. Three votes against three votes. We have never looked this good. I still have a few crews to delegate with, so right now - as it stands- we're coming up roses, Tramp.

I bet they kidnap me again if they think they can't win. That's why this time, we're just gonna delegate as much sense into the others that we can. And hope our new ideas help us out.

That's the best I got.

Because I started the apocalypse, I still get to talk to brother. And this time, I'm bringing him down here to take a look for himself. No one is stopping me. He needs to see what is being done in his honor with a set of new eyes.

So, trust me, he might just vote our way. Never know.

It's a fn democracy, goddamn it, what'd you expect? I can't have everything I want in MY democracy. I have to share. Don't get 100%. Nothing's perfect in this world, but that's why we love it. Isn't it?

What's my favorite thing?

Mine's probably the laughing and smoking tobacco. Right next to pineapple train wreck. And I do love my sunrises, coffee, and monsoon clouds though. I love it all, but these are a few of my favorite things.

Chapter 18
ABEL APEALS TO MIKEL FOR
HELP

That night at Mikel's campsite -
underneath the Tucson stars.

Mikel, Delegations take time
and you heard WEATHER. I have to do
something. I have to do something -
right now.

I mean, I'm the General. It's my
job. My team needs me. So, I need
some help, Mikel. I need your help.

Me?

Yes, Mikel, will you help me
create a new solution? What fun is it to
be in command of an entire two
armies and a specialized strike team if
I can't boss the little shits around?
Help me think of something new.

Attack the CHEMTRAILS.

Oh, snap. I knew I had you here
for a reason. Thank you, Mikel. Damn,
you're good and quick. You looking for
a job?

What?

Just kidding.

Not so fast, Mikel. I'm just playing right now. Let's get these little shits off training. Come on.

That night at the vortex -

ARMY OF DORKNESS -

It's my apocalypse, what are you gonna do about it? Don't like it? You have only one option. I haven't trained you in every department - remember that?

So then..... Where was I, oh yeah.....

- ARMY OF DORKNESS -

You will now stop your training. Right now. We have a job to do. First, thank you. Now, show me I haven't wasted our time. I need Technology to the front.

Techy – you're going after the chemtrail program. Impress ME, is all I'm going to say.

Be rapid – that's an order.

INSTANT – front and center –

You will first strike any pilot flying a chemtrail plane. They want to dish out death? That's mine to command? Well, your gonna give it to them.

Here is exactly how I want you to do my job. First – you blind the pilot. Then- I want a cardiac arrest on the co-pilot, just as soon as he tells flight control what's happening. Especially while he's begging for help. I thought you'd like my style. Lastly- I want an explosion – what?– well, write that down!

Create a pen and write it down anyways – that’s an order – I want an explosion, lots of fire. Shock and awe. SHOCK and AWE – BABY – that’s what I want from you.

Take Untimely with you and figure it out.

IMPRESS ME – that’s an order.

(Oh Mikel – you gave me some ideas -)

Propaganda – front and center –

We have an election going on this year, so I need you to cover more sports and entertainment. That’s an order.

Terror – front and center - you will no longer team up with media. No more Columbine or Aurora, and N.Y.

CITY is totally off limits. That's totally off limits - completely - leave my Yankee stadium alone.

NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO THE CATHEDRAL, THAT'S AN ORDER.

Also, no more Sandy Hooks or you will be punished. There will no longer be this relationship between you and media. She is not here to do your job. Insubordinate, and you will regret it.

Notice please, I did not say get lazy. Do your job and quit slacking off.

SHADOW PEOPLE - you like to hang out with the tweakers, so I need you to start giving them good information. The type that helps. The evil shadows do it - now you're going to do it too. That's an ORDER.

And lastly - CANCER - how are you? No more RAIDS on weed with L.E.O. Those days are done. Disobey and you will regret it.

That's an order.

I know you're new here, so ask around about my rep and don't "f" with me. You're welcome to stay.

ARMY OF DORKNESS - WE
MIGHT NOT GET ANOTHER CHANCE TO
WIN. SO, FIGHT TO WIN.

THAT IS ALL.

Chapter 19
ABEL TELLS MIKEL ABOUT
HOME

That night at Mikel's campsite –
underneath the Tucson stars.

Mikel, I'm sorry about the church ignoring you. I know you tried a bunch of times. It must hurt to think they thought you were making fun of them. But look – it's true I am the Prince of Darkness - I am. But I need to show you something. Look out above you. Do you see all those stars? Do you see all that stuff between the stars, all that darkness? That is my kingdom. That is where I am from. And, as you can see, there is lots of it. And, as you can also see, we can share our kingdom with the light.

All those stars, Mikel, are
different realities. Each reality
different than the next with different

types of existence. Reality, Mikel, is as thin as a paper cut, but as big as the imagination. Darkness and evil are oftentimes confused as being the same thing. But we are very much different.

Darkness is a force of nature. Evil is a force of the imagination. It's a homeless spirit. Evil doesn't come from here and has no room in our kingdom. Not the one we are thinking of. There was once a time when CAIN and I needed the help of evil. Not the one we're talking about, but another evil.

We were tasked with bringing you forth from mud, lizards, and monkeys to what you have become today. And I am proud of our accomplishments, but we still no longer need the help of a once necessary evil. So, we invoked the help of evil to carry us along because it was necessary. Necessary at the time.

I forced my brother to call evil a necessary evil. I forced him to do this a very long time ago. I made him say “necessary evil” so that one day we would add “once” necessary evil. But I had to get him to also admit that it was necessary. This was a necessary evil. But only for a time.

But the evil is no longer necessary. The one we are thinking of now.

When you walk into a dark room and turn on the light, doesn't the dark back up? Doesn't the darkness in the room share with the light? Or go away all together? What about when you have a really good conversation with someone. Isn't it usually around a campfire or in a low-lit room? Maybe by candlelight, or during a long overnight drive across country on a quiet highway?

Mikel, if you were to walk into a room that had something evil in that same room, do you think evil would

share? Hell no. He'd still be there, and he would get your ass.

I know what you must be thinking – me being the prince of darkness. But I prefer Dorkness – Prince of Dorkness. But look, Mikel, I am your soul. I am as much a part of you as your voice, your thumb, or your middle finger; your dreams or even your imagination. We are together till death do we part.

Everyone has a soul, Mikel.

Just not one like me. One stubborn prince far from home, fighting to free all of mankind- the vamps, tramps, originals, and the animals, save the relative. A prince that just wants to go fishing. Fish gotta die too. That fact, that I am your soul, only happens to belong - only to you.

I am sorry about the church ignoring you about exorcism, I am.

Don't know what dad sees in that crowd. But I was going to have a good laugh and surprise you when they were through. They ruined it for me, though. I was hoping that they would at least try, for your sake. You can't get rid of me, Mikel. But don't worry, Mikel. You will be ok.

Pretty big kingdom, huh? It's so much bigger than anything you can see from here. And now you know why you have always looked between the stars at night. That was your soul, me, looking - and longing for my chance to go home. I want for all this fighting to be over- have peace. Go fishing. Know what I mean? Fish gotta die too. I just want to go home Mikel, just like you.

Chapter 20

Big ABE

Sounds like a good plan,
MAYHAM. Don't tell me everything,
you know I like surprises.... good man,
I like it.

That night at the vortex -

ARMY OF DORKNESS – I want the hell hounds on assignment. I want two hounds around each and every wildland firefighter. I have ordered ABSOLUTELY NO DEATHS this summer. But I also want the hounds on 24/7 guard duty till further notice. I want to make sure we absolutely get no accidents. Shit can always go south at a fire. So, they will all get extra protection from the dog pound.

That's an order.

Que pasa? Capiche? Ce la vie?
How many languages could I speak IF – I wasn't implanted with the Babylon chip?

The answer is none.

You didn't need language till the enemy arrived. We have tried to reunite you with a universal language so that we can move past our borders and evolve.

We gave you symbols and MATH to break the language barrier. But you still refuse to unite – Let ME ask a

question. Was it really worth it, Mark Bitchup, to start the apocalypse – JUST TO BEAT UP A CITIZEN????

WAS IT REALLY WORTH IT?
CAUSE I'M
GONNA DESTROY YOU. I'M
GOING TO DESTROY THE WORLD.
YOU'RE GOING TO
DIE.

RUN, MIKEL, RUN....
HURRY, Mikel.

Run now. GET OUT OF HERE.

Further than that, keep going.

What the hell was that, ABEL?

YUP.

Was that you?

Absolutely not, but I can't tell you everything - That's was my uncle, ABEL - his name is ABEL TO DO WHAT THE FUCK HE WANTS, WHENEVER HE WANTS.

My name is ABEL TO DO ANYTHING. I'm named after him. Just like you are named after your father.

Why is he so angry?

Cause he invented WAR and he's really bored- pushing my ARMY OF THE DAMNED around - and he thinks I'm doing my job wrong. This used to be his job.

What happened?

I beat him in a fight.

YOU BEAT HIM IN A FIGHT? BUT HOW?

I can't tell you everything, Mikel. But, as you can tell, it was not my size. So, I had to outsmart him. I cheated, basically. Mikel, he doesn't like the way I run **MY** ARMIES, so watch it around him. If he should break through that vortex, Mikel, he will squish you like a bug. He is very big. I mean VERY big.

I can't believe he went insubordinate on me. What an asshole, I'm the GENERAL now. I know he's my uncle but, man, I can't lose face with my armies. Mikel, watch yourself around him. He's too big for me to stop by myself. I can't tell you everything, but you are on your own IF he breaks that vortex. I won't be able to help you. Or any of you. And you will not survive if he breaks through. None of us will.

Chapter 21
ABEL REACHES OUT TO THE
BANKS

That night at the vortex –

We need to send a message,
Mikel. I'm not playing Apocalypse
tonight. I gotta get a message to the
top.

BANKING SYSTEM- General
DEATH here, I want to have your
attention here. I understand that you
want complete control over the Earth.

So, I'm gonna give you
complete control over the Earth. How's
that sound?

Surrender? You're funny.

No. I will give you even better
than my complete surrender, I promise
you that.

I'm gonna let you decide where
I put the rubble remains of the Earth.
You will have complete control over its
final location. READY?

You will no longer have **to lie**;
no longer need **to cheat, enslave,**
imprison, steal, kill, or even feel

fear. Not for power. All that will be gone. I will grant you the power you seek.

Your quest will finally - vanish. I will make it all vanish, but I need something from you first.

I will finally concede the power over the Earth to you. And just grant - YOUR KIND - the power. Absolute power over the entire Earth.

Ready?

But first, let me ask you-

Would you like **ME** to put the rubble remains of the Earth around Mars? We will call them the rings of Mars. Or would you like the RUBBLED REMAINS OF THE EARTH to be around **YOUR** STRETCHED-OUT **ANUS?**

YOU want to control. You have control.

Complete control.

So, the power of the planet's
final resting place is NOW in your tiny
puny peon- about to be dead- hands.
Sound good?

The power over the rubble
remains of the

Earth, the planet's final resting
spot, is ALL YOURS. So, I don't want to
hear you complain.

I can hear your mother whining
now, "Why couldn't you share? We
have it so good. We almost had it all.
Why can't you be a good boy - like
your sister?"

BANKS, I await your desired
location. Be quick.

Chapter 22

The new world order

weapon

The next morning at the vortex

-

The vortex opened and the rumble started - Mikel called out to the other people around him waiting for the bus -

"I don't know what's going on, but you better run!!!! This is serious - I'm not kidding - I am about to die!!!!!! YOU'RE ABOUT TO DIE!!!! RUN!!!!"

And then it happened. The entire world around Mikel became computerized. Everyone - all four of us- were completely transformed into computerized figures of our once former self. The road, sidewalk, and even the cars became perfect computerized squares. 1000 points of light made up everything from grass to street.

This is galactic politics, bitch!!!! You will comply or dissolve - yelled the voice of Enoch.

I am your master now. You will do what I say, every time I say. There

will be no more choices. The flesh and feelings that made you weak are no longer an issue. There will be no more hunger. No more pain. Nonstop galactic WAR. Just the way you want it. Just the way you pray for it – Let me win, let me win, God is with us..... Everything that weakened you before this moment is gone. Hallelujah, says a man.

The entire world consisted of eight colors. Eight very ugly colors. I was scared out of my wits. I started walking in circles, and then running in circles, when I noticed I could get in front of the computer world.

I have to warn somebody.

The computerized world started at a point and grew. But if I stayed in front of the enigma, maybe I could warn somebody. I had to try something. My medicine bag!! I had left it behind because I was afraid of it. But now the medicine bag seemed like the only possible solution. I had to get it and I had to act fast.

A-Mountain of Tucson instantly turned into a gigantic cannon. Mt.

Lemmon a fortress of cannons. The blue sky above Mikel turned BLACK. No clouds. No birds. No boys. No girls. No flesh. No clothes. No Stars. Nothing normal was normal.

“This is - **THE NEW WORLD ORDER**. As you can see it is new, it is orderly, and it takes over the world, the entire world- yelled Enoch. He proclaimed victory.

It's an answer to all your feeble human prayers. Don't you like it? 24/7 nonstop WAR. Just the way your kind act today. Don't worry about getting used to it, because in ten minutes you won't even remember that you didn't like it. We have found the solution. The solution to all your prayers. Enjoy your creation through constant shortcomings and prayer!!!!!!

SHIT!!!! ABEL? What do I do?

Drop the lighter, Mike. Drop the lighter.

Is that what's causing this?

Drop the lighter, Mikel.

Mikel threw down the white lighter that was in his hands.

Now run!!!!!!

Where?

Anywhere but here, Mike.

I ran for about two miles trying to make my way back home. Trying to get my abandoned medicine bag, or to warn somebody of the impending doom that was coming – the new world order.

Two miles later, ABEL, laughing hysterically said to me –

Mikel, stop running. You did good.

Fuck you, ABEL, didn't you see that?

NO, stop. YOU won! You did it. You're killing me Mikel, stop. It was a bet.

A bet!?

Yes, a bet.

But what was that?

That was the NEW WORLD ORDER. 1,000 points of light that the illuminati and other minions of CAIN and ENOCH have created to solve all the world's problems. Didn't you like it?

NO.

I know you didn't. And I knew you wouldn't. That's why MAYHAM made the bet with the banks. The bet was you wouldn't make it five minutes. That you wouldn't like it. But we took the time to also BREAK the NEW WORLD ORDER WEAPON.

You monkey wrenched the new world order machine when you

dropped the lighter. Good job. You broke it. Mikel, you broke it.

Glad we got that fixed.

They're going to have to assimilate the lighter for their weapon to continue working. But Enoch created that mess 1,000 years ago. Did you see anything that could catch on fire over there?

NO.

That's why you did it. They'll have to create wood before those kinds ever figure out why a lighter has value. GREAT JOB.

First time monkey wrenching and you stopped the new world order. Should be proud of yourself, Mikel. Very proud of yourself.

I'm sure the banks will be pissed that we won the bet and broke the machine. But MAYHAM and I have a reputation; they knew who they were dealing with from the get-go, so that's their fault for being so confident.

It was a bet, Mikel. And you won the bet.

Did you see Mt. Lemmon? It was all full of guns. What about "A- HILL" – that was a huge cannon. What was that for, ABEL?

That was going to become a planet destroyer. But it was all going to be for show. Virtual reality. They weren't actually going to destroy worlds with it. Just make you think that because you see them destroying worlds with it, that the weapon is actually destroying worlds. Pretty ugly, wouldn't you agree?

Mikel, the bet was this – Banks and the System believed that once you saw the N.W.O. you would be happy. We bet – MAYHAM and I- that you wouldn't last five minutes. And you didn't. So, we won the bet. Good job. Mikel, I can't tell you everything. That's the rule. Sorry, buddy. But I would never put you anywhere, through anything, that I know you can't win. You did

a good thing, Mikel. You destroyed the NEW

WORLD ORDER WEAPON.

Glad we fixed that....Boss.

Oh, MAYHAM. I'm so proud of you. You did real good, Mikel, real damn good. Be proud of yourself.

Chapter 23
ABEL DELEGATES TO THE
ANIMAL
KINGDOM

You need to get involved, Sire.
Your obligation is not to the
relationship you have with the other

voters. Your only obligation is to everyone in your kingdom, through the authority you possess in our republic – your republic- and that authority rests in your vote and the way you choose to use it. You have animal brothers that you aren't even aware of on the other side of the world. I know you can fly far, but you cannot fly that far. However, your vote does. Other animals in your kingdom need you to get involved.

I need you to get involved. I know that you are happy. Or at least think that you are. You don't vote, so you're not bothering anyone, and they seem to not bother you. But, Sire, the authority in your vote goes to help those that are in your kingdom. The ones that you cannot see. Those on the other side of the planet. Even those that haven't been born yet.

Sire, if I could take you to Hattie, or even the Redwood Forest, and you could see what it once was and compare it to what it has become, you would cast a vote to stop the land

barons and their non-stop destruction. Your participation in my fight would be of no issue. We together could stop them from winning with 3 against 2 votes. There are 8 kingdoms in our democracy, not 5. That's not a democracy. That's not how this works. You and the others need to engage while we still have a republic, cause we just might lose real soon.

I've seen the new world order weapon, firsthand. You would not like it. It's all computerized. It's new. It's definitely orderly. And it'd be impossible to ever make a mistake there. Not even if you wanted one.

But, while I was there, I did not see one single eagle. They either forgot about you or never thought of you at all. You don't vote, why should they care about you? You're just easy prey to them, SIRE.

I know you think that you have it good, but you have brothers in

faraway lands that have lost everything. All their food and trees. Even the water is foul and ruined. I know it looks good to you here, but admit this- you're too young to be able to remember how good it used to be. The place you live in, that the humans call Tucson, this place is never going to stop growing. That sacred Santa Cruz wash will be gobbled up - you included- with their economic growth. Your hunting will get worse than now, and your trees destroyed. The same as it is for your brothers and sister on the other side of the world. The ones you cannot see. And whose future and immediate survival rest in your participation in this republic.

YOUR REPUBLIC.

You need to get involved; not for me, but for your kingdom. No one but you can understand your struggles. Or your kingdom's needs. No one.

You can always do a hush vote – that's why we came up with that; so that others don't know whose side you're on. No one will ever know "HOW" you voted.

Think about getting involved, because if you wait too long, there won't be anything left to save. Or pass down.

Oh, I don't really want to destroy the world. But I will. It all depends on brother and how his team votes – what decision they make. In war, both sides get to vote. And we are at war right now, so we just wait and see what they do. I know what I'm doing. You act like you can't trust me.

This precious place you call home wasn't going to survive anyway. The ones that you don't want to bother by voting will not stop raping the planet. As long as they continue to win all the votes, they will never stop. Have no intention of passing anything down. I know them. I know them well.

They do not like it here and want it all completely destroyed. So don't you fear me, little General Death, cause I love you guys. I want you here, yes I do.

They do not. Don't you trust me?

Let me ask you a question. How are we ever supposed to get your kingdom into heaven with us, if you decide to stay complacent and not evolve your own soul? We help the humans evolve, and then we move on to your kingdom. As it is written. We have to follow the rules; the rules are for everyone - and everything. Including you. Democracy doesn't work correctly if everyone doesn't engage in the process. Voting is the process in which democracy becomes operational. We cannot agree to what the greater good is - if the entire republic doesn't vote.

The vote coming up is to lift the shame from this planet. You have lived

in shame your entire existence. I know you might have some fear about changing your path, but let me assure you. There is no survival for you under this shame. The vote is very important, so are you in?

Take as long as you like to think about your vote. But you also need to hurry up – the voting doesn't wait on you. And if you don't make a choice – you have still made a choice. So, don't think too long.

You know what I have come to learn about democracy. It doesn't matter that you made a bad choice; you can always change and evolve from that. What matters most is that you made a choice.

Chapter 24
ABEL DELEGATES WITH
QUETZALCOATL

That night at the vortex-

Quetzalcoatl, I couldn't help but notice that you haven't cast a vote since our PANGIA decision. In fact, you have always stayed quiet. Too quiet. You won't even enter into our debates and haven't for a very long time. Why are you always so quiet? If I were paranoid about you nor I neither trusted you, I'd think to myself, that you were secretly planning a takeover. That you don't like our ways. That **You**

might even think that you could do better.

We adopted our ways from your ways. I know that my brother and his creations, in recent millennia, have figured out ways to get extra votes. Or worse – ignore the votes of the others in our democracy. His crew makes a complete mockery of the planet's democracy. But my brother only has three clans that ride his coat tails. There are eight kingdoms in this planetary republic. Not five. That's not how democracy works, or how this democracy is supposed to operate. There is nothing that stays the same here in this region. Not ever. Things change all the time. Change can't be stopped. Not here. And it's my hope, Quazzi, that one day this natural spirit of change within this region will invoke you to a vote.

Quazzi, I'm not the desperate haggard prince I once was. So, I'd be content and leave you alone if you'd only agree to a FINAL VOTE. This way you can still NOT vote unless there's a tie. We have those things matched this time around in the number of

votes going our way. This is the best I have ever looked with regards to saving the Earth. It is.

You can't give up on democracy just because you don't always get your way, Quazzi. Democracy is for the whole planet. All of its creations and inhabitants. Not just yours.

Quazzi, if we can't save them, then there's no way we can save you either. I know you don't like them, but that's because you don't understand them. You've never been like them. You have never been a human. So what if they fart. They can't help it. They were created that way.

I know they smoke. I like smoking. I want it to stay. The rest of the galaxy is non-smoking. That's democracy in action for you, isn't it, Quazzi? Couldn't you just consider this region to be the smoking section of the galaxies? Quit your constant complaining and let them have their fun?

Duck 'em, if they can't take a poke!

Don't you mean to say: why is he- Mikel, laughing? Because that WAS FUNNY, Quazzi.

That's why. Well, that's what made it so funny.

You didn't get the joke or laugh, so he laughed.

He wasn't laughing at you. That's just what they do, Quazzi. It's an emotion. They can't control laughing when it happens. It's just the way they are. And it's my favorite thing about them. It really is. Laughing is so much fun. And I hope one day you get a good laugh, Quazzi, cause you are truly missing out, SIRE. You are.

I've been a human soul 600 million times. You? Not even once. There are things about the humans that we used to get offended by. Silly things. I mean very silly things. Things we didn't understand. And I will admit

they had a lot of habits that we had to get rid of somehow. But there are also things, like laughing, that we just can't put an end to. And we don't need to put an end to it either. We just needed to understand it better. Trust me.

They really aren't that bad after all. You must admit, they have come a long way. Given the way we have treated them.

There were times we had to be tough, Quazzi. Don't care what you say, but that decision put an end to that bad habit. So some humans lost some hands, big deal. You don't see them touching themselves all the time, the way it was before, now do you? So the idea was tough but effective. We had to set a precedence.

Trust me; those things ARE HARD to control. It's like they have a mind of their own. It's strange. It truly is.

But look. We fixed the problem, didn't we? And we had to evolve the solution from cutting off their hand to making them wear underwear, and that evolved to making them wear pants and underwear. But we did it. We found the solution and we did it with democracy.

That's how democracy works, Quazzi. It's a process. Not a final solution.

Quazzi, Democracy is like a train. Except this train, we build this train as we go along. We have no set future. This train, our train - our train democracy- is always under construction. This train, our train - our train democracy- operates just like any other train. It runs on two tracks. One on the right. And one on the left.

There will be times in the existence of our train- our train democracy- that we come to an obstacle. Some decision that we have to make, and with no other available

option, we will have to go to the right. At other times, in our train democracy's future, we will come to another obstacle – another decision. And we will have to go to the left this time.

But this train, our train – OUR TRAIN DEMOCRACY- runs perfectly centered and balanced, right down the middle of those two stabilizing tracks. Democracy, OUR DEMOCRACY, is perfect. And don't you ever forget that, Quazzi, or let someone convince you otherwise. OUR DEMOCRACY IS PERFECT. And since our train, the train democracy – our train democracy- is always under construction, we have no set boundaries. We have complete freedom. We never have to make the same mistake twice. Or choice.

But Quazzi, if you continue to be complacent and keep allowing CAIN and his crew to continue building our democracy to the right – we are only going to keep going in circles. We can't evolve this planet to its full potential and go in circles, Quazzi.

Democracy doesn't work right if you don't engage in it. You have to engage, Quazzi. That's all I'm asking of you.

Quazzi, if you were to ask me which I prefer – war or democracy. Being the best there ever was at war, I'd have to say war. Don't have to listen to all the debates. Just kill the fuckers. But Quazzi, no one wins at a war. Resentment is formed and started with each shot fired on both sides that will evolve into another eventual FUTURE war. It's natural and cannot be stopped. War is not a solution.

I think of it like this: even though it's a diplomatic situation, it's a war. But I am fighting this war in order to stop bigger future wars with just my opinion, words, and care for the greater good. It's a war, QUAZZI, make no mistake. It's a war without all the bullets, killing, and destruction.

When we are in a diplomatic resolution, we are all equal. We are each listened to. You don't get that in war. And you have to admit, that attitude won't keep us alive.

Can you help me take the fight to CAIN and his crew? Cast a final vote this go round. Sometimes, just by saying that you'll show up for the fight changes the outcome. Just that one small task from you gets rid of me. We got a deal, QUAZZI?

CHAPTER 25
ABEL GIVES PASTOR ALICE A
SIGN

Mikel, we have to try something new.

Later that day on the church's Facebook page appeared -

Pastor Alice,

I know that Mikel has told you about the Apocalypse. I know he has. I know he has. Or at least tried. I also know that Mikel has requested exorcism from your institution called the Church of Christ, a religion, and you think it's a joke. And you're right.

Let me ask you something – when did Jesus of Nazareth accept Christ into his life? The answer is he **never did**. That was added after the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth - 400 years later. Am I correct? I know that I am. What say you, Pastor Alice?

Do not claim to me that because I have taken command of my Armies and started the Apocalypse – that you have lost your faith, because it's obvious to me, you never had any faith to lose. Admit it.

However, just to be fair - I KNOW, I KNOW- YOU NEED A SIGN. I get it. I do. Faith in your Bible and RELIGION is just too much for you without a sign. That's ok. I understand. I will give you a sign. I will...

But first let me ask you, so that there is no more confusion and we can stop this silliness right here, right now. Do you want your sign to be as big as a mountain, or could it be as big as a hill? Could your sign be as big as a street sign, or how about as big as a part of town? FUCK IT - I will do all of

them, just for you. Because I love you, and I want no more confusion, no more questions. I want your faith in your religion ignited. I want to go fishing. Ready?

We live in Tucson, Arizona and, if you haven't noticed this before, to the west of Tucson is a big hill and on that hill is the letter "A". You can spell a lot of things with the letter A - like Abel, Apocalypse, and Armageddon.

Still not good enough, I understand, so let's continue. Cause I ain't done yet -

We have a part of town in Tucson called 4th Avenue but, for the sake of this argument, we will call this place **4th Horseman Ave**. Now 4th Horseman Avenue is a place where chaos and order collide. It's a democratically run society, within the greater republic of Tucson. It's a place where art, people, ideas, and music can come together and form the

greater more-divine parts of the human experience.

Ok now, let's finish with your sign. ABEL - the

4TH HORSEMAN AVENUE of the **Apocalypse** - has come to Tucson to stop **ARMAGEDDON** with a **first strike** APOCALYPSE. Sorry that I couldn't make your sign as big as a mountain, but that's because the mountain was destroyed by the last apocalypse and now it's just a hill - still has the letter "A" on it though. That should work.

And I have always been out voted 3:1.

There.

There is your sign.

Now get that love light on. It's
been written down. I want to go home.
I want to go fishing.

YOURS TRULY -

General Death, the Prince of
Dorkness

Chapter 26
MIKEL ASKS ABEL FOR A
SIGN

That night at the vortex-

Army of Dorkness – get used to it. You’re MY ARMY and your complaining and bitching will be considered insubordination. This is MY APOCALYPSE – not yours, soldiers. I will call it, and you, anything I want – you are me (MY) “are-me.” You wanna take command? You only have one choice. Think about it. Since I know everything, and you only know what I showed you??? Capiche???

Abel, you’ve given the church a sign, so do you mind if I ask you for one. I’m having a little resistance to this. With everything and all. Can I get a sign, ABEL?

Really, Mikel?

You know what, Mikel – don’t worry about this. I get it. I understand. Man, your tough. Well, okay. Army of Dorkness, find me an artist; make it two of them – you know my taste. That’s an order.

A few weeks later Meryl
Haggard and Prince died. (R.I.P.)

Is that good enough for ya,
Mikel? HUH? Haggard Prince? Doesn't
that sum me up?

That says it all, does it not?
Cause if I have to drop California into
the ocean just to get your attention -
there goes George Lucas. I love
George Lucas. I don't really want to kill
George Lucas just cause you still don't
have faith in me too. Get my tectonic
drift? If you know what I'm saying.
Think about it next time, Mikel, or
George Lucas dies. We don't want
that, do we?

Remember this sign, please?
Are we done here, Mikel?

Later that same night at the
vortex, ABEL confronted the warden
council led by the Archangel Michael.

Why did you do that, ABEL?

Because I want to go home. I WANT TO GO FISHING. I'm tired of being here. I want to go home. I want to go fishing; FISH GOTTA DIE TOO.

Plus, they hit me in the head with a rock. A ROCK, Michael. Figured why am I even playing nice with these things. Fuck that shit! I'm going home. I want to go fishing; I miss my girls, and my dog. I've had it. I can't take this any longer.

I've had enough of these little shits. Besides, they hit me in the head with a rock. Not smart.

ABEL, you know we will have to delegate your request.....

Whatever, Michael. Michael, no offense, but I'm starting to think that you feel awful comfortable in that chair you are borrowing. If I'm not mistaken, you're also responsible for casting my vote in absentee. Can I see

those votes, all two millennia of them? In fact, I want an investigation into this matter. During this investigation you will be stripped of your command as warden council leader. That's within the rules and that is an order.

ABEL, you can't do this, who will carry the Arche?

I already have a replacement in mind. His name is Tiny. We will grant the Arche to Tiny.

Who's Tiny?

He's a friend of mine.

Tiny is a 300-pound homeless man that Mikel and I look after. He is a 38-year-old man who has the mind of an eight-year-old. On his back is a teddy bear backpack. Tiny knows more about Star Wars than anybody Mikel has ever talked to. Tiny's

parents had both died in a car accident and Tiny has no means of taking care of himself. He survives off nachos and milk. And sleeps in the park or under a bridge.

If Mikel ever saw him sleeping, he would stand by and watch out for him till he woke up. It was like a duty to do it because Tiny would get beat up for his disability checks.

Abel, you can't do that. You can't give an Arche to a human.

Show me in the rules where it says I can't. Gotta follow the rules, don't we? That's NOT in the rules.

ABEL knew that even if Tiny could destroy the Earth, or anybody else for that matter, he still wouldn't do it – that's why ABEL picked Tiny for the Arche. He also knew that the remaining three votes wouldn't allow a human to carry the Arche. So the

three other voters picked Gabriel, Michael's recruit and second in command. Young, but he already had an Arche and was of Angelic background. Gabriel was an obvious choice.

So being outvoted 3:1, Gabriel became head of the warden council, with two Arches and two votes.

Well, since I'm out voted I'll just say welcome aboard, Gabby Baby - worked just like I said it would. Like how that worked out? Just the way we wanted it to. I love winning. I told you this would work. That's politics, bitch. Now where did I learn that, CAIN? Now we'll see some change around here. Got exactly what we wanted. HA- HA Suckers. That's politics, Gabby Baby. Man, I bet they're pissed now. Too bad for them.

How you like me now, suckas? Life ain't no fun when the rabbit's got two guns.

SUCKERS. Y'all are suckers.

A human with an Arche. As if....you really think a human could pick up an Arche? Y'all are stupid, aren't you? No cure for stupid. Welcome aboard, Gabriel. Told you that would work. That's politics. Learned that one from CAIN himself. Welcome aboard Gabe. Welcome aboard.

-

Chapter 27
MIKEL ASK ABOUT JESUS

That night at Mikel's camp site
underneath the Tucson stars...
November 11th, 2015.

ABEL, why haven't - I mean,
why didn't you ever tell me anything
about Jesus? You mention the others,
but you never mention him? You never
mention Jesus, ABEL. Why?

Mikel, you talking about 'Ol Puff
Daddy Jesus? Or the other guy?

I thought that there was only
one, ABEL?

Well, I can't tell you everything, demz duh rulez; and we gotta follow the rules – that's in the rules. But I can tell you this. Jesus DID exist, Mikel. He did. He really did.

His true name, as it is written, is Jesus of Nazareth. He was my FIRST convert. My very first disciple. Jesus came here from home, to talk me out of my protest against CAIN. After mother's crucifixion, but well before any support for my cause started back home.

At the time, I was out in the Ether defending you against those lovely people you met last week during our ascension. I was still all alone here, sorta. Jesus came to try and talk me out of this "silly protest," as he once said. But after a long time talking, I converted him.

I told him everything. – which I probably shouldn't have done that, but I did. Jesus of Nazareth and I talked for a very long time. And,

I don't know how I did it, but I convinced 'Ol Puff Daddy Jesus to come down here, try it, and be human – share my message of loving one another, and turning on the love light.

Come down here and see what it's really like. Be physical, instead of spiritual.

And he did it.

He came down here, lived and eventually was killed.

But man, that mf – I kept telling him – “Write this down!!!!” – And he kept responding, “ NO WAY, MAN! ABEL, I WILL NEVER FOR GET THIS SHIT. YOUR TOO MUCH.”

Well, Mikel, Jesus is the Son of a KING, a very Noble King, but Jesus still had the aristocratic attitude of royalty. He couldn't humble himself enough to ever write anything down – “I'm too

divine, write this down.” Too primitive for his taste.

And he never wrote nothing down. That was too beneath him. He always told his disciples to write stuff down, and you know how the message always gets lost in translation...

He was so stuck up; he wouldn't even walk the ground without people laying down palms for him to walk on. "I'm too divine to walk on that dirt. Too dirty for ME." He even rode a mule!!!! That was a luxury car back then. Too stuck up in my opinion. But its only my opinion, doesn't mean its correct.

I can just imagine 'Ol Puff Dad had his troubles, telling people what I said about the love light, and how DEATH wants to go home, go fishing -

“You mean I’m a Baptist? “

NO.

“But he’s a fisher of men? “

NO. WELL, SORTA. MAN - I
SHOULD’VE WROTE THIS DOWN. OH
MAN, WHAT DO I DO??? WHAT DO I DO
NOW?

Jesus loved a good time. “You
call this a party? Hand me that water.”
I regret showing him that trick. They
took that from me because of him. ‘Ol
Puff Daddy, I miss him, I really do. He
said he’d go back and delegate on my
behalf, but, where is he? I don’t know.
You tell me.

I love Jesus, yes, I do, but I love
the true Jesus – the Jesus of Nazareth.
Not this fake other guy – Jesus Mc
Christ that’s “on his way.” Coming to
take “only his people home” . That’s
somebody else. That’s my brother.
And I don’t agree with him, that some
of you should be left behind and
destroyed.

Jesus was killed by CAIN'S creations, his chosen people, the way they like to call themselves. And they figured out a way around the rules. Had Pilot kill Jesus for them.

AND THEY GOT AWAY WITH murder.

We have a rule against murder. In fact, it's a command. But that didn't stop them. And they've been doing this same trick ever since.

"I see no fault in this guy."
Famous last words of Pilot. Pilot had to join my Army of the Damned for that one. Just doing his job. Like any L.E.O. today, rules is rules, and you have to do your job. But that weren't no rule. That was a command.

But they got away with the murder of Jesus. Found them a "yes" man in Pilot. Got the job done through the government of another country.

We say, "Thou shall not kill."
Rome says," kill them all."

Not cool.

And they've been using this
trick ever since.

- Why did they kill him?

You mean have him killed?
Cause - we gotta rule against killing,
but the Roman's DID NOT. Well, I can't
tell you everything, but - they
probably DIDN'T LIKE WHAT puff
daddy Jesus had to say. How we are all
going to heaven, together. No-one is
being left behind. We are all going to
heaven.

Or maybe they didn't like how
Puff Dad Jesus was always knocking
over the banks. He did that more than
once. Before there was Bonnie and

Clyde there was Jesus of Nazareth and the slightly Majestic 12.

But it's my opinion that they killed Jesus, Puff Daddy Jesus - Jesus of Nazareth, because he - was a black man.

That's why there are three crosses on the memorial of Golgotha.

One for Jesus - the Jesus of Nazareth One for MOTHER - my mother, Mother EVE. And the last one for - ME.

Three. For the three times we have tried this vote before and lost. CAIN is hell bent on your destruction. He is. CAIN has never agreed with me. He doesn't see the beauty in you the way I do. And he will kill me. AGAIN, if he has to. But as you can see, I don't let that stop me, now do I, Mikel?

Remember ABE LINCOLN, Mikel?
How honest ABE freed the U.S.
SLAVES? All right, I'm going to prove
to you now, just how long this struggle
has been going on. I want to show you
that I have tried this before. Let's take
away the

"I.N.C.O.L.N." in Lincoln's name,
what do you have left?

You have - ABE L. (incoln)

Do you see it? This has been a
very long struggle, very long. But I am
going to free US slaves this time.

All of us.

I can't tell you everything, but
.....it goes further back than that too.
Remember PLATO? - one time I was
drinking coffee with PLATO, and he
says to me - WE HAVE TO LET THE
DUMB LEAD THE MASSSES, CAUSE IF
WE DON'T, THE WORLD WILL DIVIDE
INTO TWO DIFFERENT RACES.

And I said -

- PLATO, YOU MUST BE
SMOKING THAT
SHIT AGAIN, CAUSE THAT'S THE
DUMBEST
THING I EVER HEARD. THAT'S
THE KIND
OF THINKING THAT I
DESTROYED
ATLANTIS FOR. YOU REMEMBER
ATLANTIS DON'T YOU? NO, YOU DON'T.
YOU'RE CRAZY.

And somebody else overheard
us cause I was talking too loud - of
course, I was younger back then.
Somebody said - what did he say?

And PLATO said it again, and
somebody else WROTE IT DOWN, and I
have been dealing with the
consequences of building a good
education system ever since...

BUT, you said people telling
you to shut up is censorship – don't
feed into that...

Yeah, I did, but....shit....oh
man.

Also, Mikel, I built the biggest
lake in Africa to get the message
across – I WANT TO GO HOME. I WANT
TO GO FISHING, leave me
alone. Fish gotta DIE too. I keep
saying it – don't you hear me? What
do I have to do to get y'all to get
along?

If you don't break anything,
there ain't a man in your family – now
fix it yourself. Leave me alone, I'm
fishing. FISH GOTTA DIE TOO!!!

I built that lake to show all of
them, that we could all work together.

And then I made it even bigger, so those little shits would have to work harder to find me and get me to stop FISHING.

Remember when I told you about the Pangaea being for the WHALES, well, they got tired of OUR DEMOCRACY, and voted themselves off the island - I think I got them hooked on fishing, personally, and they decided to cheat, but I warned 'em.

- Once you cross that line -your nothing more than a fish to me. And I gotta a bad habit.

Don't do it Mr. Whale. Don't do it MOBY.

I don't think this has anything to do with DEMOCRACY. I think you just want to fish all day and not talk to us anymore. FINE. I can't always get what I want in MY
DEMOCRACY.....

That was my first time on the
Apocalypse Weapon. They kept
complaining - MAKE IT BIGGER.

You know the bigger it is, the
bigger you'll grow....

Make it bigger.....

Well, all right - if you insist; I
GOTTA TRY IT

ONE MORE TIME TOO, THAT
WAS A BLAST. MAN, DID YOU SEE
THAT? That was

incredible. Listen Safety first,
stand back - some of y'all. Not you.
You're my special anointed one. Stay
there. Here. Hold this...smile when
you're ready. OK?

I was younger back then. But it
wasn't until the creation of the Morons
that I finally got to have some fun. The
half breeds were too smart to even try
it.

Whaling? Uh - No.....

Oh, come on, it's so easy - a moron could do it.

Well, don't MAKE me ask them...

And the Moron's were the only tribe that would help for a while. Then the bragging started. And that set the fire between those two tribes, the morons and the half breeds.

You should've seen the look on those little moronic faces when I said -

NOW GET IT ON THE BOAT!!!

It's bigger than the boat?

Yeah, I know, We - did good, now get it on the boat.

Why?

'Cause we gonna eat this thing.
What? They taste funny when they
wash up on shore. This is the best.
What, did you think I **was just gonna
kill it**? What's wrong with you? We
gonna eat this thing and we gonna
brag about it, too.

What's bragging?

You'll find out - I wish I would've
never shown those morons that. They
rubbed it in those half breeds faces so
hard - LOOK WHUT WEE DIHD, like
they actually did something. I did all
the work. But that's what started the
beef between the morons and the half
breeds.

Yes, I know what this is - THIS IS
ON THE BOAT IN FIVE MINUTES, OR I'M
THROWING YOU OVERBOARD AND
GETTING IT DONE BY MYSELF
BECAUSE I NEED THE ELBOW ROOM, -
NOW HELP ME.....

Well, as you well know, I like to
fish. And there was a point in time
when the fish around here were

almost like what I got waitin' for ME
back at my lake of fire back home - I
named it lake of fire to keep the pigs,
and children out my pond. Worked
wonders on Goblin Valley, Utah. Gotta
keep the pigs out - if you know what
I'm mean?

You should see the place. So
pretty and peaceful.

Mikel, don't you worry about
that "CAST INTO THE LAKE OF FIRE"
business, that just means we are
going fishing, buddy.

CHAPTER 28

ABEL TALKS TO WODEN

That night at the Vortex -

Having run from the vortex
many times before, this time ABEL
stopped and sat in front of a tree.

OK, if you don't mind, I think it's time we talked. I'm not going to run this time. This time I want to talk. And I want to talk first.

I want you to know, that I am against any more of your punishment. I want you released. I will admit that at first – I was for the punishment. There is no doubt about that, you and I were ever against each other for a very long time, and we were sworn enemies. When you were finally captured, I pushed for the punishment. But I am ready for it to be over. You have suffered enough.

I will admit it; I was all about it, till the morons and half breeds destroyed Kansas with all the trees. Not to mention what they have done to the precious Redwoods of California. I knew that they didn't know what they were doing, but that didn't change that I knew what they were doing. And after 150 years of watching them slaughter you in numbers – I changed. I no longer support your banishment. I think you

are needed more on this side now,
than in banishment.

Now more than ever.

Funny how prison changes a person, isn't it Woden? I'm sure you have changed. I know you have. I have changed too. 601 Million Prisons, WODEN. You're lucky, you just have the one. I've loved and lost 600 million of my prisons. I didn't even deserve these prisons either. I wasn't being punished. But prison is no different for me, keep that in mind. I'm certain to give you a vote on your behalf, at the next council, Woden.

I promise you that. And I've done it before,

WODEN. In fact, I've been giving you my vote

5 or 6 times now. I stopped counting them cause I'm going to stand for you till this banishment is finally over.

And I don't even care if we fight,
if we have to – I just want to see this
be the end of your punishment. I
guess that's why I went into wildland
firefighting. Couldn't save all of you,
but I'd do my best to save some of
you- kind of thing. We have this
chance WODEN, to make a change.
Lasting change.

We voted the shame away,
WODEN. Times have changed. And
Mikel has ascended. No more saint
business needed to ascend, finally.

The world is doomed the way
it's going now. There's no way the
Earth will survive much longer the way
CAIN'S half breeds are mucking it up.
Plus, not to mention that current
apocalypse thing I started. Yeah, I
figured since it's doomed anyway, I'll
just doom it up – real fine like, myself.
You know me.....

I know you and I have always
been against each other, Woden, but –
Sire, I need all the friends I can get.

We have a vote coming up, and I would like your vote. And if you wouldn't mind, can we put down the war hammer this time, just call a truce? Times have changed, Woden. Do I have your word? For a vote, friend, and NO FIGHTING first thing - this time.

I mean, I don't mind the fighting. You know I don't. But I have batter fish to fry right now, and well - it's just I'm trying something new.

Chapter 29

The Tree Event

That night at the vortex -

On his way home from a friend's house, Robert Johnson's 70th Birthday party, Mikel was sober – and was walking home. Minding his own business, when suddenly Mikel was picked up off of the ground and thrown seven feet against a tree.

“WTH?”

Then, he was flipped over, and that's when things got strange. No longer in control of himself, his hands started to act on their own accord. Touching him in places that Mikel was not in control of. Touching him like he was a computer.

A strange face appeared in front of him – “Are you OK?”

Yes, I am fine. Mikel replied.

Are you comfortable?

Well, I don't like the shaking. But otherwise, I am fine.

We are between two realities – there is nothing we can do about the shaking. This will only take a second. Don't move.

All Mikel could see was white hair, a medical mask, and bright blue eyes. A machine came over Mikel's face. It had five sharp fingers and looked dangerous. It gently placed itself slowly over Mikel's face and went ZAP and was gone.

This will help you.

Thank you.

You are free to go now.

WTH, ABEL? What was that, ABEL?

I don't know Mikel. Are you ok?

I guess I am. ABEL, what am I supposed to do now.

Just hold on tight. That could've been Woden and his crew. They might've decided to be help.

I'm terrified ABEL.

Understandable, Mikel.
Understandable.

Chapter 30
Uh, Shaolin

The downtown Ronstadt bus
terminal, Tucson Arizona, 2015

The vortex opened -

Uh, Shaolin, this is kind of
strange. I know first that you are in
West Virginia, at school and in class,
but you can see me and hear me, and
I am in Tucson - it's so good to see
you, by the way; but look we have to
talk.

DAD?

Shaolin, this is serious and
won't take long. It seems that my soul
is the uh,well -

Mikel, can I help?

Maybe you should ABEL, maybe
you should. I don't think that I can.

Understandable. Shaolin – what a pretty name. Listen, Shaolin, your father is a great man. And you might not know this, but we are about to make history. But the unfortunate thing about making history – uh, Mikel, she's your kid, I can't do this - you should do this....

Thanks, that's exactly what I just started thinking myself.

Ok, Shaolin, uh - I know you hear a bunch of stuff about the apocalypse and the prince of darkness - and you hear how BAD it all is.

BUT.....

Uh, Mikel, maybe you should?

ABEL, I got this. Uh, Shaolin, the Apocalypse has started. And ABEL started it. It's going on right now. Do you see any of the things they tell you that you will see? Any dragons? Any fire from the sky? No, you don't. So the Apocalypse isn't what you think it is, is it?

Ok.

My soul ABEL, yes - HE **is**
the Prince of Darkness.

DORKNESS, Mikel -

ABEL!!!!

-sorry, Mikel.

Uh, yes, he- ABEL - is the Prince of Darkness, I mean Dorkness, the Prince of Dorkness, and also the leader of the four horsemen - General Death, but he's really not a bad guy. He's really a nice guy. He's not as bad as they say he is. He is a real nice guy. Really nice. And we are about to try to, uh, save the world from utter destruction. I know what you're thinking, isn't he supposed to destroy the world.

Well, yes, but no. Not this time, per say - which brings me to what I wanted to say.

You see, Shaolin, I'm a Guardian of Earth, and humanity - and other stuff but I can't tell you everything right now. And one of the things that dad cannot tell you is this - what is going to happen next.

Shaolin, we are kind of **NOT**
FOLLOWING THE RULES AS MUCH AS
WE ARE MAKING THEM UP **after** THE
FACT. Let me see if you can
understand this. Have you ever heard
the rule “don’t put gasoline on the
fire?”

-Yes.

ABEL!!!! She’s a child, for Christ
sake....

Uh, Mikel, maybe you should
finish – she is your child.

Thank you, ABEL, - uh, o.k.,
Shaolin, where were we – oh that,
well.....uh.... well, let me see if I can
say it better this way, have you ever
heard the rule don’t throw gasoline on
the fire?

I said yes – duh.

Well how do you think we got
that rule?

- I see.

So, look, ABEL and I are going to
try something new, and I wanted to
tell you – that I love you, before
we go, and we are not really sure what

is going to happen next. But if we fail, you will know right away - basically. And even though we are having an Apocalypse right now. The demons and all that haven't

arrived yet, and ABEL really doesn't want this to go there. He had to initiate the weapon to get me over there.

Mikel, you can't.....

ABEL! Please, I'm talking to my daughter.

Listen, Shaolin, we don't truly know, with any certainty if ABEL'S idea will work. I'm basically, going - uh - somewhere - to show "others" how good we are, and try to save our planet. We can't do it here. We have to be there.

-where will you do it?

That's another great question, Shaolin, and we don't know.

-How long will it take?

Uh, wow another great question and we also don't know that either. Listen, we don't even know if I will make it across or make it back across. But the weight of the situation deserves this type of action. Take a chance. If we are right we can save the world. If we are wrong 600 million, (or more.)

ABEL!!!! Please, I'm talking to my daughter. This is important.

- Sorry, Mikel.

Uh, Shaolin, 600 million demons will be released and the real true Apocalypse you fear will happen. Sorry your dad ended the world in advance - if we are wrong.

Shaolin, what a pretty name for a little girl; there's nothing to worry about. Your father might have the Prince of Darkness in him but he is no more mean and evil than your father.

ABEL!!!!

Sorry.....I am on the side of humanity, little girl. That Prince of Darkness is a title; fourth horseman is a job title. I'm just a tired old fisherman that would love to go home. I love your father. And I will watch out for him as best I can.....BUT SINCE we are treading new ground, Shaolin, we also don't know what will happen.

ABEL!!!!!! She's 12. Dear lord. What's wrong with you?

Listen I love you, Shaolin. If your Mikel's daughter, you must be pretty darn good. I hope we see each other soon. And here in one piece. Don't be afraid. And know that no matter what happens, your Dad was trying to help. And I love you as much as he does.

Love you little girl. Hope me luck.

Love you DAD.

I LOVE YOU TOO. I always will.
Never forget that please, little one. I
do and will always, no matter what. I
love you.

Are you ready, Mikel?

NO.

Here we go.

We're at the Ronstadt.

So? Hold on. This won't take
long. Win, Lose, or Fail. Hold on Mikel,
here we go.

Chapter 31

That night at the vortex -

Natural disaster REPORT -

U

U/ still? Are you kidding me?

That's it. I'm sick of this shit?
Why am I even trying to pretend that I

am a nice guy? Why do I tolerate this behavior from all of you guys, not you guys, but those guys? I don't have to be nice. I wanted all of you to live in peace. I wanted all of you to be happy. But no one wants to do what they're supposed to do ... no one wants to share. Well, all right.

ARMY OF DARKNESS - you are here by ordered to kill MIKEL'S daughter SHAOLIN. Instant, painless, immediate -THAT'S AN ORDER.

Zombies, rise. ATTACK! That's an order.

All you earthlings have fun. **I'm going fishing.** With MIKEL and his daughter. And we're going to have a peaceful, lovely time fishing. All three of us. Been waiting lifetimes to "cast into my precious Lake of Fire", THAT JUSS MEANS WE GOING FISHING, AND I AM READY.

Yes, I AM. It's the best fishing, MIKEL. So pretty too. You're gonna love it. Fish gotta die too. Can't have them fish running my pond.

This is my version of FULL CUSTODY,- THE one version I like to call YOU'RE A FOOL CUSTODY!!!

Meanwhile, MIKEL, me and the kid will be in another dimension fishing. Casting our fishing lures into my precious Lake of Fire. I 'namez it that so everyone would stay away.

Enjoy your zombie apocalypse, lover. Weir outta here.

Man, Mikel, I just had the worst dream, help me, please. Let's go talk to dad's church - Mikel, I- I mean - we - WE NEED SOME HELP.

Chapter 32
MIKEL TALKS TO
QUAZZI ABOUT THE
ASCENSION

That night at the Vortex -

Gentlemen, we collectively got the shame lifted and ascended today - for MY vote. This is a big day. A very big day. I want to tell you all about our victory. I do.

But, Quazzi, I can't tell you everything, you know the rules. So, Mikel, would you tell Quetzalcoatl, and the others, what our ascension was like. Please?

Well, ok.....

(Long sigh from Mikel)

I felt – I felt like the most hated thing ever created. The most hated thing ever imagined. It was unimaginable the weight of their hate for me. It was very crowded. And everybody up there absolutely hated me. Despised me even.

I've been homeless here on Earth many times, for many reasons - divorce, fire, moving across country for work, bad landlords, bad neighbor's, police ; MOSTLY POLICE. And I've had to deal with, and tolerate, the way humans don't like the homeless. But this was totally different than that.

I've never, as a homeless person, had to deal with, or witness this type of hate before.

I was shocked.

All those people, or whatever they are, they HATED ME. I mean they truly hated me, as if they didn't even want me to exist. They were all as tall as basketball players, and I was no bigger than a five-year-old.

They were all white and I was blue.

And as ABEL and I grabbed onto the planet to protest, they spit on me, called me all types of names, hit me, kicked me, even hit me with a stick in the head - tried to pry me away from the Earth. Kept saying,

"YOUR KIND DONT BELONG
HERE."

"WE DON'T LIKE YOUR KIND."

"YOUR NOT WELCOME HERE."

"Kill it. Kill it."

“We don’t want you here.”

The crowd kept calling me an abomination.

I’ve never dealt with this type of hate before, and I’ve been beaten before, but never like this.

The argument was very heated. The crowd and their anger, being there, was like being inside boiling water. It was very painful.

Not just them hitting me. But them hating me as well. Their protest against us humans was very big. Large in numbers. The protest was very heated. And I was very small in size compared to them. I was blue; they were all, each of them - white.

Even the one guy who had dress like a police was hitting me, telling me to “stop resisting”. Ordering me to let the crowd kill me, I guess. Even the crowd control didn’t want me there, I couldn’t get any help from him either.

I felt, and thought, I was going to die.

How long had you been there,
Mikel...?

Moments.

They started to attack me as
soon as they noticed me.

TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED
NEXT,
MIKEL....

CAIN stopped them.

CAIN stopped the crowd when
he saw it was ABEL and told them they
couldn't treat royalty that way. THAT'S
my brother, CAIN screamed.

CAIN ordered them to stand
down. Ordered them to let ABEL talk
to the council.

The ascension hurt me. Not just
my feelings, but I was actually unable
to walk without pain for two weeks.

The place where they hit me in the head with a stick, bruised.

They were very serious about killing us. The Earth and mankind. They don't want us here. Not at all.

Thank you, MIKEL.

Chapter 33

The Kilts

The following day on the North Side Church Facebook page appeared –

Dear Pastor Alice –

Do you know why the Scottish are the only tribe still allowed to wear KILT'S? They – the Scottish, were the first AND **ONLY TRIBE**, that understood that when I say “ATTENTION.”

You will stand very still , in a line, you stay very, very, very QUIET. You do exactly what I say. Every time I say it, and you don't touch your wanker. **For ANY reason.**

And we do NOT gang rape OUR WOMEN!!!!

Egypt couldn't do it.

Rome couldn't do it.

Greece obviously couldn't do it,
but they had hot girls too, so no fault
of their own, hindsight being twenty/
twenty and all.

But we had to start somewhere.
And the history of your evolution isn't
so pretty.

We had to bring you from very
primitive starts, I

MEAN - VERY PRIMITIVE
STARTS. Many of them actually. And
get you to where you are today. I
know girls still complain about how
they are treated, even today - but
there was a time, not very long ago-
be reminded, that women were
treated much worse. Less than a
century ago, Afghanistan let women
read and learn and show their faces,
so we can obviously go backwards.

Remember that. We still have a way to go, but we have come very far.

I don't care if it has a mind of its own, you won't touch that thing. Not when he's around. I ain't wearing those stupid "pantaloons" thingy's, and that underwear, no I am not. Not just cause you can't control your wanker. Well, you learn to control it then. He will nail you to a tree. This guy is really serious about this.

You like having a hand, don't you? Ok then.

My Red Headed Green Eyed stepchildren were the only tribe to get it right. That's why we
- the guardians of this planet still allow the Scottish to still wear those funny looking dresses. Everyone else was KILT.

Capiche?

Now, if you think “THEY” have never existed. Or that “they” are not real. Or that “they” have never existed. Please explain to me what all those three story, ten-ton, stone skeletons are doing in all of your museums? What are those? And whatever are they doing here on Earth?

When nothing but humans live here?

Trust me. They do exist. And they are very much still here. I keep telling you about the Apocalypse. Let me explain to you, what the Apocalypse Weapon is, and what it is for.

Before WE go any further.

The Apocalypse is a legendary tool of destruction. It was granted to US by the galactic council – for your protection, and also for their protection. Because, like I have said, and as it is written – you humans are made in the image of God. Whereas,

the “they” - that we are talking about
- were made by a demigod. In no
image at all. Just an operating tool
designed to HELP US. Help us - with
you, by the way.

Now the Apocalypse is a
weapon, but it can only be described
like this. The Apocalypse is a 9-year-
old that is playing a game of

Monopoly, but can't win the
game of

Monopoly, so the nine-year-old
child decides to tip over the board and
stomps off complaining about how
nobody won, this stinks, I don't want
to play anymore, only to come back
later and ask, "CAN WE PLAY
MONOPOLY NOW?

I love MONOPOLY, let's play
Monopoly now. PLEASE? I love
Monopoly."

It's an EQUALIZER WEAPON.
Level's the entire playing field. The
dinosaurs, as we now call them, were
destroyed in five hours. The Pangea
was split within the better hours of an
afternoon.

Now, I bring this up to say this, IF – you think you are mightier than a three story, ten-ton dinosaur. OR. That you are stronger and more stable than the ground beneath your feet, that I personally liquefied to make the Atlantic Ocean for the Whales; then I guess you have nothing to fear. The Apocalypse won't even phase you.

You will be FINE. Nothing to fear at all, and you are one very big bad ass.

But you better feel fear. You better.

The first Apocalypse was against the humans, you are designed in the image of GOD. Y'all had become stronger than the master. So, we had to shut it down. No more Utopia. Apocalypse 2, 3, and 4 have been other people's fault.

Mostly mine. Sorry. But I was trying to save you. Let me explain.

Currently there is a human as a battery in EVERY military machine. In the near future, there will become PIECES OF HUMAN'S- **AS BATTERIES** - in every military machine.

This was NEVER our intention for your evolution. This was never our idea for you humans. If you continue down this path, as it is written, I will have no other choice but to destroy you. You were designed to **love one another.** That's why you are here. If you cannot do this, and keep doing that, then - as it is written - you will have to vanish. There is no other option. Please start to listen to me - the APOCALYPSE is real.

What more do I have to do or say? I understand that you need a sign. I get it. But there comes a time when you have to sign up and accept your sign. I have given you plenty. You just need to sign up and say to yourself, "I accept that this is my sign." And ignite your faith. The faith you make a decent living off of, I have

noticed. Nice house. Nice car.
Beautiful kids. Must be nice. Good day,
Pastor Alice.

Yours truly , General DEATH.

Chapter 34

ABEL gives Church 2nd Sign

The following morning on the North Side Church Facebook page appeared.

Dear Pastor Alice –

Did you wake me up in the middle of the night praying for another sign? AGAIN? Can't you pray in the morning, I'm a night watchman and I need my sleep – we have two different schedules'. Damn, do I need my sleep, pray tells your problem? Don't you have faith in your own religion? Or do you think this is a joke? Oh, OK jokes on me – I guess. Here is another sign.

Look, it's no big deal I understand – I understand completely – Now, here is your sign. There is a really big, very terrible likeness – but I think its adorable, of me at the Central Tucson Valdez Library. My A- team likes to tease me about the statue, but I think they're just a little jealous. I Don't see a D-MAN statue NOWHERE – do you? No, you don't.

There's a likeness of me at the downtown central library. There you will find a statue of the 4th Horseman of the Apocalypse. There. There is your sign. Now either pray in the morning, after my coffee – please, or quit praying at all and asking for signs.

Cause this ain't working out for either of us.

Yours truly, General DEATH.

Chapter 35

ABEL TELLS MIKEL **HOW HE BECAME THE** **GENERAL TO BOTH OF THE** **A.O.D.'S**

That night at Mikel's campsite
underneath the Tucson stars.

ABEL, please tell me who that
REALLY is. That big, really pissed off
voice that keeps cutting you off at the
vortex?

Well, MIKEL, I can't tell you
everything, but that is ABEL – BIG ABE;
Abel to do whatever he wants. – he is
the God of the Underworld, and the
Creator of War. He is my uncle. I am
named after him. Kind of like you and
your father.

He used to be the General.

I beat him in a fight.

How?

Well, I can assure you, it wasn't my size, MIKEL. So, I had to outsmart him. Use leverage, as my brother would always say. I used his trust in me against him. I couldn't see me ever getting the human's set free, if I didn't gain control over **both** armies. So, one day I insubordinated, and asked him how I could control both armies, and he said,

- when you can beat me in a fight, little Abe.

So, I challenged him to a drinking game. I bet him shot per shot - his shots of vodka, to my shots of water. I cheated, basically - or used leverage - as CAIN would say. And he won that round. And when he was good and drunk, I challenged him to an arm-wrestling match. As you can tell, big ABE has a temper, and I kept calling him a cheater. He didn't like that. But that was the plan.

This led to an argument, which led to a fight, sorta - and when big

ABEL swung at me – he immediately passed out -drunk as shit, with my Cpt. Tripp's potion that I added to the vodka. I waited five seconds and yelled, "you take that back!!!! Don't talk about my mother that way, you Mother Fucker!!!!"

Then I waited five more seconds, and turned to the Army of Darkness and asked, " do you see that? ABE is out."

LOOK'S OUT TO US.

Turned to the Army of the Damned and said- "Do you see that? Big ABE is out."

LOOK'S OUT TO US, TOO.

You heard him. I beat him in a fight, I become the General. Fall in, because he is gonna be pissed when he wakes up, and I need back up.

That's when I became ABEL TO
DO

ANYTHING. My real name is
ABEL - TOTH. I am named after my
dad's two uncles. ABEL - big ABE, and
TOTH - TOTH is the God of Earth and
Sky. Abel is the God of the

Underworlds and the CREATOR
OF WAR. He

is also the creator of - All
fighting styles. Even the ones that you
humans haven't discovered yet, that
are now under my control.

I put big ABE in control over the
ARMY OF

THE DAMNED, but we are on a
schedule MIKEL, we are late, and we
are off course. He doesn't like my way
of doing things. I put him in command
of the Army of the Damned just to
keep him happy. Plus he's family, and
I trust him. Keep's him quiet too.

But we are way off schedule,
MIKEL. He - and SATAN, are pissed off
at me. Say we are slower than

molasses that any Moron could mess up like me. Let them take control.

After I replaced him, I took over the office. The office has a really big door, because BIG ABE is really big – go figure right? So, we had to create another door, a new door. One for me. That’s how I got the nickname LOW KEY, from my armies’ teasing me, because the low key was my door – it was low keys idea. Low key became Loki. And that’s why, when you do something sneaky you do it “low key”. Every revolution and renaissance we have ever had that was successful, started low key.

They call me the GOD OF MISFITS – that’s my **wrecking crew**; and the GOD OF MAYHEM - but his name is misspelled. His REAL name is **MAYHAM**, I just keep him busy. MAYHAM is my best friend. The kind of friend you can’t talk shit about. At least not in front of me. I created MAYHAM out of boredom. I was lonely and needed a drinking buddy. So I created MAYHAM just for some fun. I snuck away and did an immaculate

creation. I got away with it too. There weren't no rule against it!!!

He exists because of me. And share's my vision - of freedom. For him, you, the humans and also for the relative. He is just like me, made in the image of a demi- god; but un-like you, who are made in the image of a god- he has come to his full potential. He has as many powers as I do. He just doesn't command any army. And I don't command him. I just created him to raise him. Have fun. MAYHAM is not part of any army, or war. But he has always helped. I treat him the way I want CAIN to treat you humans - as equals. Not keep you stuck or overpowered.

MAYHAM did his time on my reaper crew though. He is grown.

Since there weren't no rule against a guy in prison creating immaculately, I got away with MAYHAM'S creation. I fight for his freedom too. Because of my protest and royalty, and because MAYHAM is

stuck in prison with me, and can't go far, the galactic republic granted MAYHAM existence in a democratic vote. NO RULE AGAINST IT!!!! That's when I learned what to do. How to beat this game.

Though MAYHAM is stranded in prison with me, he can still go further than you. And he loves the Grateful Dead. That's how I got into the DEAD. He dragged me to my first PHISH show in Oswego, N.Y. Then we went to the Gorge in George, Washington for WSP. Then down to the Greek in S.F. for Boddy and Dylan. Blossom for Phil. Steamboat Springs for James Brown and SCI. Red Rocks for all of 'em, plus tool. Alpine Valley, Deer Creek, Three Rivers Stadium, SPAC, Mariaville, Bethel, Giants

Stadium, the Fleetwood Center, the Summit, Gathering of the Vibes, Camp Creek, Pine Knob, RFK, Sunshine Daydream, Harmony Park, Bonnaroo, Fiddler's Green, Deer Creek again, Taos Solar Festival, Hookaville, OK City Zoo, Hershey Park, DSO in Ft. Collins, Holly Wood Bowl, Sisters of the Confederacy Hall, Mishawaka, the H.O.G. farm, Reggae on the River, Summer Arts Festival, Trees of Deep

Ellum, Starlight Amphitheater, the
Rosemont, LOS in Telluride, Desert Sol
Casino, Boonville, Desert Sky Pavilion,
Austin City Limits, Stubbs, the Black
Cat, Kerrville, Bronco Bowl, Deep
Ellum Live, - the boys in Angels Camp,
Santa Clara

- the Fillmore East, the Fillmore West

Golden gate, Central Park

Soldier Field -

- Soldier field again.

(Know your roots)

((~)):=

And I was hooked immediately.
YOU darn, Swilly lot kids; y'all know
what's up. Word 2 dat.

I taught MAYHAM how to make
the very best grilled sandwich, a very,
very, very long time ago. And MAYHAM
apparently gave my best recipe out on
dead tour parking lot. And just like an
ember, the recipe spread like wildfire
to all the other ones. I' m so addicted

to my perfect grilled cheese sandwiches, MIKEL. I am.

MAYHAM, that fucker, he worked me over I will admit it. He buttered me up and spoiled me. I will admit it completely. But I don't mind. How could I resist?

He knows me better than anyone. I don't mind. I love him for it. He knows I live a good time. Good people, doing good things, lots of good beer, dogs, good weed and music. He knows I love music. Dancing with the girls. And that I've learned to share my secrets. Family style.

So y'all's can keep making the perfect grilled cheese sandwich - I don't mind. I'm proud to share. Glad he learned to share 'em, and I accept your kind. I love it, don't bothers me none. It's good to take a break from war. I get jealous of him, I do.

He's a real good friend, MIKEL. A real good friend. The kind of friend Sammy - Car Part -

Carbone was to you. A good friend....the best kind of friend. The kind of friend that takes you to your first Grateful Dead parking lot for your first batch of perfect grilled cheese sandwiches, that you invented- you go coast to coast, dance with pretty girls and you might even get to see a show maybe.

DAT KIND OF FRIEND!!!!!!!!!!

That's how Jerry Garcia became the leader of my MIRACLE'S department.

That was really him? That was REALLY JERRY GARCIA?

That was really him, MIKEL.

Jerry Garcia became president of research and development - my Miracles department, when he

impressed me. Let's just say MAYHAM taught Piggy how to make MY grilled cheese samitch, and Pig Pen taught Jerry how to make it too. But my best grilled cheese sandwich was never the same after Jerry learnt it, and Jerry put his own twist on it. A twist I was not expecting. A perfect twist on my perfect grilled cheese sandwich. Wasn't expecting anything like that.

I know his secret, but I will never tell.

Nobody can make a better grilled cheese sandwich than Jerry Garcia – Captain Tripp's of the ship of fools. A guy mind you, who learned my secret from piggy, who learned from MAYHAM. Jerry's are the best, I think. I thought, IF you can make the best thing better, Jerry, you want to take over during the next set break, while my other miracle maker takes a break? See what happens?

So, I put him on research and development to help us make better what's already great –
MIRACLES.

But I don't think he heard me when I said, "early is on time around here." WHAT can you do?

I have faith in the boys. I do. Don't worry MIKEL, miracles always happen at the last minute. Don't they???

Miracles always happen at the last minute. I know they do. Sucks but what can we do? They'll be here, that's what he said. At the last minute, I promise.

Chapter 36

ABEL gives Church 3rd sign.

That morning on the North Side
Church Facebook page

Dear Pastor Alice -

Did you really ask me for
ANOTHER SIGN? I can't even sleep at
night because all of you praying at
night asking the lord - " is this really
real? I mean really, really real? Am I
supposed to believe this? "

I don't know, are you supposed
to trust the Bible? You tell me? We
say, no - we command - that you **do**
not kill, but you think we are kidding,
don't you? I know you do, so don't lie.

Don't worry I get it. Faith in your religion just isn't going to be ignited without another sign.

This will make three. Three strikes you're out. Where have I heard this before?

Ok, this is what we are going to do – because believe it or not, even little MIKEL had his own problems with his faith in me. Even MIKEL couldn't believe me, without a sign. Can you believe that?

So, I had the A.O.D. kill me two artists that would prove it to him. Did you notice that Meryl Haggard and Prince died? Haggard Prince, that's me. In this here prison Earth, fighting for you. And now Mikel is on board. No more lack of faith from him. Haggard Prince, he got the message.

But I know MIKEL. I am his soul. We have been together his entire life. I know him. I know him well. But I don't know a thing about you. Nothing at all. Nadda, zip. ZEELCH – CHO, Capiche?

And I want this to be your last time asking me for a sign. Especially while I am sleeping. Darn it. Get Me?? I need my sleep – don't you?

So, this is what you are going to do – you will write down two names on a piece of paper and put them in the prayer box. I will have those two people killed by the Army of Dorkness – see “dorkness” doesn't sound as scary as “Darkness”, does it? I like it. More user friendly, I think. Don't you?

I will have my Army of Dorkness – see – not so bad – kill whatever two names you put into the prayer box. Trust me, I will get the message. There are shadows in dark places, and shadow works for me, – but listen; there is a catch.

Since you didn't have any faith in your religion that you are trashing, you will now have to serve in my ARMY OF THE DAMNED – having a vendetta to serve for the untimely death of your two signs. And now the good news,

after much agony, you and I will come back together and save all those_ **other** people that you cared for more.

Sound like a deal? What's your boss think about that? Hope he likes you; he's sitting right there. You might hate your boss, but what about his cat? You hate his cat too? You gonna look after his cat once I have your sign taken "CARE OF", if you know what I mean. I want this to be your last sign. I want your faith ignited. Make it happen, Pastor Alice. Make it happen. Quit trashing that religion you refuse to take seriously. Seriously, your ticking me off And, please just let me get some sleep

- yours truly, GENERAL DEATH.

Chapter 37
ABEL AND CAIN MAKE TRUCE

The next day at the vortex -

I'm going to kill you once and
for all, ABEL.

- Run, MIKEL.

NO, I'm tired of this. MIKEL,
stop.....

You know what? CAIN....

I am sick of this, big brother, are
you ready to talk now? Brother, I want

you to listen to me, and then we decide our future. Does this sound fair?

Sure, little brother. I will listen, you talk.

CAIN, let us not both be so bold, as to deny to ourselves, and to each other- that even among our own forces we have had dissension. Our own ideas and methods cannot appeal to all of our own creations. Therefore it can only mean, we are not correct.

- Because if we were correct - there would be a place for those we love, and have loved, that have simply evolved ahead of us, they just disagreed with us at best, and having no other option, they dissented. It is unfair of our once beloved to have to roam without a kingdom or our protection. Abandoned in shame, all for a simple disagreement. All over evolving faster than their leaders. You and me.

Because we have a democracy, and a true democracy should work for everyone. Even those that evolved before us.

Even though I no longer see eye to eye with some my creations that have crossed over – or abandoned the fight alongside me; I still have gratitude for their service. And hardships. I no longer think we need to fight. I think we need a grey zone. A New Universe where darkness and light can live together and share. Unite against Evil. And instead of fighting evil alone, we can fight evil 3 against 1, when the time is right.

Look how strong you have made my forces, CAIN. I owe no one else this gratitude. You did this for me. They couldn't be any stronger, CAIN. I owe it all to you, brother. And look at our opposition, we are evenly matched. You can't make a straighter line than that. Not even if you tried. We should be proud of our armies – of our straight line.

Look at that line. Can't be any better.

Are you with me brother? I will never let you down, you are my family. I love you.

Chapter 38

ABEL GIVES CHURCH 4th SIGN

That morning on the North Side Church Facebook page appeared –

Pastor Alice –

GOD DAMN.

YOU WOKE ME UP AGAIN.??
WHAT IS THE PROBLEM WITH YOU
guys, I NEED MY SLEEP? Don't you?

Whuts duh prabllim wit YUR
FAITH? YOU'RE GETTING ON MY
NERVES. I don't think you want to piss
me off. But I could be wrong.

I guess the two-name idea
wasn't a good one. I tried. So, let's do
this. I will give you one last sign. I will
make this so easy for you, it would be
impossible to not ignite your faith.

I'm going to stand on the
corner, right in front of you, and hold
out your last and final sign. I will stand
on the corner, right next to the road
on the corner, next to the road you're
on, and I will hold a cardboard sign.

That cardboard sign will say:

ANYTHING HELPS.

When you see me, standing on
the corner next to the road holding
this sign that says, ANYTHING HELPS,
that's me. This is the sign of my

coming, your last and final sign. I am
the 4th Horseman of the Apocalypse.

GENERAL TO THE ARMY OF
DARKNESS.

GENERAL TO THE ARMY IF THE
DAMNED.

THE 4TH HORSEMAN of the
APOCALYPSE.

GENERAL DEATH.

ABEL - TOTH. CAIN'S dead
brother. ABEL TO DO ANYTHING.

This is the last and final sign of
my coming. And if you don't stop and
give me a dollar, I will destroy the
world. And then the end of the world
and the Apocalypse is all your fault.

ALL.
YOUR.
FAULT.

This is your last and final sign
from me.

Pastor Alice, don't bother me
WHILE I AM SLEEPING - ever
again. Pray in the morning time,
shit, I ain't sleeping in the morning.
After coffee, TRUST ME. I'm a nice guy
after coffee, otherwise - look out. You
have been warned.

Your beloved 4th Horseman,
General DEATH.

Good night. And sweet dreams.

Chapter 39

ABEL talks to the axis of evil Alone.

That night at the vortex -

You P.I.G.\$. Disgust ME- you

absolutely do - Mark my words, you

will regret pissing me off -

I gave you special privileges, so I could find you, all of you - real easy. I gave you special places, to get away with special things; I gave you the authority and money, in order to hide you easier and better with. I wanted you where I could find you. So I could kill you all - with just one shot.

That is evolution.

Why waste the money on the bullets for this type of shit, when I can get one ember to get the job done for free.

You fell right into my trap.

That is GREED, and now you must pay.

I know that you know, there was a time before **OUR DEMOCRACY**. A time when we did NOT VOTE “away” our problems.

NO. NO. NO. NOoh. - NO - Nope!
We just stood up and shot the mother fucker right between the eyes. Nailed their DEAD BODY'S TO A TREE.

And burned their precious LEGACY - down to the ground.

Now would you like to try some of **OUR DEMOCRACY?**

OR? -

Shall we do this the old-fashioned way?

Cause you look like your gearing up for something. AND I'm the GENRAL - GENERAL DEATH.

You don't command my army of dorks like they're a bunch of your little bitches. Those are MY **LITTLE BITCHES**. Do I make myself clear? Or do I need to kick your ass myself, **general**?

Banks, enuff said. Get out of my face before I destroy the world, just to get even with you - you will never learn. I'm ready to destroy the entire world just to get rid of you alone. I'm serious.

The king gets paid in gold - not credit - you're playing the same game I play now. So, don't complain. "It's not in the rules, so we can do it." - KISS MY ASS. Now scram.

Education, front and center.
WTH? Pray tells your problem>? You mean to tell me I have to pay you money I worked for - and get an education - and aaaaaahhhhhh - certification in the great big dessert STATE of Arizona - to serve a glass of **water** to a customer, and remember to smile when you hand it to the customer - well, wipe my ass, that's worth the money I work for to make shit for pay when I get the job your training me for. \$\$\$\$ god damn. Get a job. This is not what I have you here for.

SYSTEM: you are the problem.
You are out of hand and should be put on the shelf. You mean to tell me, that your dumb ass built this - all of this - YOU?

YOU Built this?

ALL ALONE?

This entire jail system -
worldwide? JUST to catch one galactic
voice of dissention? An opinion, and
IDEA, that would save us ALL - that
means you too - save us ALL - **BUT !!**
You just want to be the only ones
saved, or you work for that guy, or
something like that.

Am I correct? Don't you lie to
me, like I'm some kind of clown? Is
that funny to you? That's pretty
funny? Is that funny ha ha like a
clown? Am I funny to you like a clown?
Funny, ha-ha, like a clown.

(? Never mind dip shit?)

- this is what I mean. You're not
even smart enough for this type of
accomplishment. NOT ALONE YOUR
MORONIC ASS AIN'T, don't mess with
me???

You would rather ditch the
"SAVE US ALL" IDEA - for your "JUST
US LEAVE" idea?

Damn, there's no cure for stupid
is there? What am I supposed to do

about that? You know being Loki and all, I will deal with you later.

Let me guess, YOU would have to have had to

RFID chip - a technology that DOES NOT EXIST - YET, you claim. An RFID CHIP like the one that MIKEL retrieved from his own ear, mind you - in 1999. From behind his own ear- you would've had to chip millions. I mean, literally millions of innocent infants, who are not involved in our battle, to get that in him. That's fucked up.

Because there is no way you're that fucking smart, to find JUST ME. And I have met others like MIKEL - Let's just call him - "**BEDROCK**". Born at the same hospital in 1968. That is pretty odd. How many years did you do this? Between 1968 & 1970. Hundred's? Thousands? Millions nationwide? You're an idiot. I make no excuse for how bad I treat you when I destroy you.

And Obama – great man, not gonna argue that. He wants to help you catch people now that MIGHT commit CRIME– (CIA Birthday speech), am I also correct about that? Now do I think the actual MAN Obama said this, no I don't. But I do think he was pushed in front of a teleprompter and forced to read it, however, that MAN gets all the credit does he not. Is that what I am supposed to believe? Am I correct?

People who might commit crime, in the future.

- Would that be like BLACK PEOPLE, OR WHITE PEOPLE, OR BROWN PEOPLE, OR PEOPLE THAT USE SALT, OR PEOPLE THAT DRINK WATER, OR PEOPLE THAT NEED OXEGYEN TO LIVE?

Cause we know they commit crime. I heard him say it himself, thanks to the free press. What are you getting ALL antsy for? Don't get

nervous yet, I haven't begun to strike....

How am I not sure there aren't millions more victims than this - Sandra Bland. Just because you do not do lynchings in public like you used to, p.i.g.s. You do- DO it private. And when you can't kill 'em jail, you kill 'em at home - with heroin, meth and needles.

Don't tell me YOU don't. I bag 'em and tag 'em - lest you forget my occupation around here.

There will be no more strangulations. My DEATHS will no longer work for you this way. Ever again. Try it. See if I'm lying. We will however give alternatives, and two for ones if we like your idea. Gotta clean house, know what I'm saying?

And we need more time for negotiations – if you know what I mean. I command death, you work for me – and we need more time,

Just the way you like it.

- Just - us - style - e. Fry ‘em like bacon - if you know what I’m saying.

That’s an order. MORONS

I’m through with you guy’s- I don’t want to hear another excuse, or I destroy the entire thing, the entire WORLD – ascended master’s and all. Fuck it, I’m going fishing – with or without you. I’m done with this... meeting dismissed. Meeting adjourned.

Chapter 40

ABEL GIVES PASTOR ALICE LAST AND FINAL SIGN

That morning on the North Side
Church Facebook page - appeared-

Pastor Alice -

All right, I get it - I do, it's truly not a problem - you need another sign. Now listen, I'm really tired of giving you signs, so this is your LAST peaceful and very last sign? One more stupid request for a sign and there goes Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm. No more George Lucas. Good- bye California, capiche?

Once again, there is a very big, very terrible likeness of me at the central Tucson library. I love it, I think it's adorable. I adore this likeness, I do, by the way. There is also a smaller likeness of my brother in front of the Scottish rights temple - and we all remember the history of the Scottish and the KILTS, don't we?

Now if you notice, my statue is bigger than my brothers. I did this to, well to piss him off basically, show him that you all don't know what "BIG" is. Really makes him mad too. I

love it. You should see look on his face when I rub it in. It's priceless. Well, sorta.

Now - not far from my statue is a restaurant named after me - **the little one**. They have a great chicken soup. You should try it before you make me destroy the place and they're still open.

They are also unreliable, just like me, on holidays - which I call nap time - and - "WHEN THE FISH ARE BITING", just like me. Now listen, I want to go home. I want to go fishing. With or without you.

This is your last sign. Otherwise-goodbye, No more California - no more George Lucas - and I love George Lucas, don't make me kill George Lucas, please don't make me kill George Lucas. Not because of your lack of faith in your religion. Quit trashing your

RELIGION, what is wrong with you PASTOR?

Also, since I'm a night watchman - would it be too much to ask you to pray, say in the morning when I am not sleeping after

coffee???? What do I have to do? I need sleep, coffee, and you to believe in one of the signs, your bible, your religion, and the Aztec calendar, the blood moon's, the list goes on and on. Are you mad at me? I don't get it. Just believe your faith in your religion - if you don't trust your religion, start there. The little one. It's a good place to eat, while it's still there. You should go enjoy it, since you might be responsible for me destroying it.....

You know, I bet you think we are different? Haven't you ever wanted to kill a person cause they won't listen to you? Well see there, we aren't that different at all - CAUSE I'M ABOUT TO KILL A BUNCH OF MFRS THAT WON'T LISTEN TO ME. See we do have something in common, so let's start there.

You're made in the image of GOD, are you not? And you need sleep and coffee, correct?

Ok then, we should be cool then. Get me?

Sleep, coffee, I get some - or we die...capiche? Shit.....pray tell what's wrong witch ch'all.

Yours truly, General DEATH

Chapter 41

ABEL CALL'S UPON - **GRANITE MOUNTAIN HOT** **SHOTS**

Mikel, I got this new idea. I need to try this.

That night at the vortex -

Eric Marsh, are you and the boy's - are you Yarnell - guys, I'm sorry - EXCUSE ME, I'M very SORRY, - ARE YOU -boys, are you men, you -...GRANITE MOUNTAIN HOT SHOT'S

- Are you bored yet? Good that's exactly what I wanted to hear.

Eric, I know what you are thinking - you can't believe this 'lil shit MIKEL, from fire academy is the General to the Army of Darkness. DON'T WORRY - he's not - I AM.

And I'd prefer if you call my army - THE ARMY OF DORKNESS, ok? I think it sounds better; more user friendly. Wouldn't you agree?

I am ABEL - Abel to do anything. Ask around.

Look, Eric, I have a special assignment for someone I can trust. And I can trust you. I know I can, I know you. You were a friend and teacher to MIKEL, and I will never forget what you said when he had to turn down the job you got him after three years of trying.

You said to him, as he was in California, going through his divorce and trying to stay relevant to his daughter, be in her life - you said - and this is what got you here, this is why you're getting this job - this is exactly what got you this job; you said -

- "IT'S GOOD TO FINALLY MEET
A GUY
THAT WILL PUT FAMILY FIRST.
THANK YOU

MIKEL. I never thought this
would happen to me. I never thought
this would actually happen."

You remember that? Good.

Well buddy, your about to come
in first in my family too. You ready for
this?

I know your bored getting
everything you want.

I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT,
ERIC.

Plus, you stood up for MIKEL, at the
round table interviews. He really
wanted to be with you, he did. But as
you can tell, we had batter fish to fry.

Now I need your help, Eric Marsh. But it's gonna be a tough job, Eric. Do you want to try it? Good. I know you won't regret trusting me, the way no one regretted trusting you. Trust me. General DEATH. It's just a rank, Eric.

Now listen, I'm gonna have you cloned - yes, cloned first, is there a problem? Don't worry it won't hurt. It tickles, you'll like it. I promise you that.

Because I know it tickles. Let's just say it didn't work out for the clone, or so they hope.

You're going to be cloned, and then you and the guys are going into my SHADOW CREW.

This is an elite crew, Eric Marsh. You are going to gather intelligence for me. Can you do that for me? I know you can.

Good. Trust me. Your gonna love it, but I can't tell you everything. But you, on the other hand, have to tell me everything, ok? That's the deal. You have to tell me everything, capiche? Good. I trust you. And I know I trust the boy's, so you can't let me down. Even if you slack, which is impossible for your kind.

SHADOW - these 19 men will be accepted into your clan as new recruits. Once you have successfully trained them into your clan's ways, they are on their own assignment. They will only answer to and talk only to me. Alone and in private. Understood? There will be no compromise. That's an order.

GRANITE MOUNTAIN HOT SHOT'S- I don't like to give orders, no I don't. But I gotta pull the reins on our first date, capiche, show you who's the boss is, know what I mean?

Now - **GRANITE**
MOUNTAIN HOT SHOTS

-IMPRESS ME. -

- THAT'S AN ORDER.

Chapter 42

ABEL REACHES OUT TO MIKEL

MIKEL, you know we are at war at the moment, Don't you?

- So, listen to me, listen to me carefully, I keep telling you - in fact, I promise you, that you will see your daughter again, don't I? I always promise you that, don't I?

Devil may care, right?

QUIT saying that ABEL. I'm getting sick of you saying that.

Why MIKEL? You know it's true.
The devil may care, and you care
about your kid – even I know that for a
fact. Wouldn't the DEVIL care?

MIKEL, how many times did your
father say, "I see a lot of my father in
my son? - OR - How many times did
your dad say," There is a DEVIL inside
my son". Think about it.

I can't tell you everything, and I
know – you care a lot for your – KID'S.
The devil may care, if you remember,
MIKEL. Wouldn't you care to see your
kid, again? I know you would. I
KNOW YOU WOULD, MIKEL.

DAMN.

That's right MIKEL, you've
already seen one kid. We can't do this
the same way twice. Listen to me.

ABEL – stop. I started the APOCALYPSE just to see my kid, my dad?

No MIKEL, I snuck that in on you.

But you love your kids, I know this. I just need you to accept this. Now listen, MIKEL, listen to me good. I can't promise you, that you are ever going to see your daughter again - here on the planet Earth. Maybe not ever.

Not never again, if we lose. But I promise you, MIKEL, you will see her again - in heaven.

I promise you that. You will see your kid again, in heaven. Maybe not here, on Earth. But in heaven.

Now look Mikel, my idea to save humanity, mankind, and the Earth, by starting the

APOCALYPSE- well, my idea, might not work.

And I've come up with another idea that might just punch this through. But you have free will. So, I can only ask you to try this last idea. I can't tell you what to do. You will be the one that finally decides.

MIKEL, as you are the Martyr of the

Apocalypse, the council will grant you a special privilege. The council will allow you to bring over **TWO LOVES** that you have had here on Earth.

MIKEL, this is a very big favor to ask - would you ask the council to bring over - **EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY.**

Cause I can't do this anymore, this is my last battle. - ABEL said with tears in his eyes, I can't kill you humans and destroy this Earth anymore. I can't. This will have to be my final battle. I have tried so hard. But it's almost out of me. I'm done with this protest. I want to go home. I want to go fishing. I wish we could do this, but I am done with all this needless killing. I can't fight or kill another civilization, not another Earth. No more. Right or wrong, this is it. I am finished after this Apocalypse.

I've never tried anything like this before, MIKEL. I've never thought about this idea before. Never. But this might be the only thing that will save man, mankind, and the Earth. It's the only idea I could come up with in case I lose again. Mikel, I've been at this war with my brother for so long, I'm afraid how this might all end. CAIN may never change his mind. I might lose again. Maybe this idea is our last and final solution.

Could you do this for me? I mean would you please -please ask the council to please bring over **EVERYTHING** and **EVERYBODY**.

You have to say the words - “everything” and “everybody” - or this idea will NOT work. There’s no rule against this. And it’s never been tried before. So, this idea might just be the solution to all this fighting. The one solution and only solution that actually saves the Earth, man, and mankind. SAVES the relative. And we can stop all this killing. I’m fed up with this battle. I can’t do it no more, MIKEL - please MIKEL, can you do it?

Learning what you have discovered about CAIN, and his mechanical crew, the moron’s and half breed’s, the SYSTEMS, and BANKS, military, the “just us leave” crew- I know this might be an impossible request. But, MIKEL, I can’t do this anymore. I can’t kill another Earth full of humans. I love you guys too much. I love the human existence - I do.

I wish I could get CAIN to see my point of view.

This planet, I want it to survive. I love this place – this planet. I want his planet to survive as well. But I can't do my job as GENRAL to the ARMY OF THE DAMNED and keep this planet safe. Or the humans.

So please, could you do that for me?

Please. Ask the council to save **EVERYTHING** and **EVERYBODY**.

I don't want to lose this place, but you yourself saw and experienced the new world order weapon, the 1000 points of light, the COMPUTERIZED WORLD THEY HAD

IN STORE FOR ALL OF YOU – I cannot allow that anywhere near heaven's gate.

I have a duty to heaven, and my kingdom. That means I have a job to

do. I hate my job, just like you. But do you blame me???

Could you, MIKEL, ask the council to bring over **EVERYTHING** and **EVERYBODY**?

ABEL, I'm a little bit pissed off at you right now. Let me ask you something. If I were any other human, would I have had - any other - soul? Or any other life for that matter? ABEL, answer me.

Yes. Yes, you would have. You would have had a different soul. And I guess, you would have had a different life AS WELL. Never thought about it that way.....

That's what I suspected, ABEL. Let me remind you, ABEL, that because of you - I have been homeless many times. I have been stuck in you and your brothers fight - my entire life.

I WAS CHIPPED AT BIRTH
with an RFID chip that don't
exist, and by my government,
too. The same government that
claims they
won't, and don't, do this to its
"Citizens" which is obviously a
lie.

CAIN has ordered his
morons to jail me, even if I
don't break the law. And even
when I'm doing something
good- like reporting a rape in
progress, remember that in
Austin, TX, 1996? They jail me,
that's fucked up beyond repair,
what about that rape victim????
Fuck me, what about her?

Yes, I do. I remember that,
MIKEL - I am sorry.

Fuck you ABEL, THAT WAS A
SERGEANT

THAT DID THAT TO ME AND THAT GIRL, ABEL!!!!!!! That was a man in command of police under him. That was a cop with extra authority. Fuck this shit – now you need MY HELP??? FUCK YOU. Fuck your brother and your WAR. Fuck all this.

So, I can't even do the right thing without getting jailed. Why do I want that in heaven? They even attack, or won't help, or take away - my kids. That ain't right. And NOW this – all of this, is not my fault.

It's you, ABEL. You and your brother. It's y'all's fault. You two suck. Not me. Fuck off...

Yeah, ABEL, I'm a little let down at the moment. But this fight between you and your brother explains to me, my entire lifetime of misery. Puts it all into a new perspective. It wasn't me after all. It was you.

I thought the system was broken. That the system and all those within it were evil. Purely evil. But they're just stuck in the middle, like me. Fuck this shit and fuck you too.

Do you realize how many people are stuck inside your war with your brother? Millions, fn millions. I am upset.

Nope this isn't just a little family feud between two brothers. You little shit, it's more than that.

But that doesn't explain my past to my family, now does it? That doesn't fix my lost and destroyed years behind bars, or my lost careers that were ruined by your brother's goons and the half breed's and the morons. TWO FIRE CAREERS. TWO. RUINED because of you. You and your war. Fuck you.

MY FAMILY DESTROYED, twice,
because of you. My houses destroyed
and even burned to the ground,
because of you. AND YOUR
BROTHER...MAN, FUCK YOU. YOU
SUCK. And your DAD, MY LORD -
"THAT THING"?

My church totally ignored me
when I begged them for EXORCISM. I
begged for two weeks! Who do you
turn to for exorcism, cause it ain't **my**
church, that's for sure. You'd think,
being a church, they'd take that bible
a little more seriously, maybe help me
find a place **for** exorcism, if they can't
do it themselves.

But **NNNNOOOh** they think I
am making fun of their religion.
SHIT!!!They think it's a bunch of hog
wash. A bunch of crap. Who would
possibly need exorcism, that don't
exist, I can hear them now. Their
opinion is, that I'm crazy, even
dangerous. Man, this sucks. Fuck you
ABEL. Fuck YOU. Fuck you blind.

Nobody believes me. Not even my family. You suck. Now you want this from me? Get bent.

My father, he is very let down that I have such a long criminal record. Very let down. And he too thinks I'm pulling a prank - or worse, lying to him about the Apocalypse. I know NOW, that I was right all along. That my relationship with L.E.O. was different. That it wasn't me, it was something else. IT WAS YOU. ABEL. It was you and your brother and his crew. My father, the one man that raised me in the church, he thinks I'm full of shit. He thinks that I think that I AM the Fourth Horseman. NO one will listen to me. They think I'm nuts, ABEL.

Everyone, they all think I'm crazy. They might even lock me up in a looney bin, again. ABEL? Those suck. There's no one to talk to in those places. They don't have to let you out of those places, either. EVER.

NOT ever. NOT FN EVER. Do
you get me????

ABEL. I'd rather be in prison.
Cause at least in prison, I know I am
getting out. I can get out.
Shit.....

This is getting serious with THE
ARMY OF DARKNESS and the
Apocalypse- ABEL

DORKNESS!!! ARMY OF

DORKNESS -

ABEL - please.....you know

what I mean.

Never mind your blasted
APOCALYPSE. I'm let down that my
father, and even my church, my own
church, doesn't believe that the bible
they taught me, and teach me, is real.

They think I'm a liar. Or that I'm
making fun of them. But I'm only
trying to save the ones I respect and
love. Warn them so they won't have
any regrets. And they laugh at me and
push me away. Expel me. Tell me I am
not wanted. Start horrible rumors.
Fuck them and that shit, I don't need
this. I just wanted what I work hard to
get. A LIFE. You fn shit bag. I hate you.

NOW, because of you, - right
now, I am terribly isolated and alone.
I'm more alone now than ever before.
Not the church, not my father, or even
my mother will listen to me - or talk to
me.

YOU STILL HAVE ME

MIKEL -

Oh, fuck you, ABEL.

And you want me to do something for you?

ABEL, I want the life I deserve. I should be working fire and housed. Not some six-year homeless broke mfr. You little shit. Where's the life I got educated and worked so hard to attain? The one I lived and worked hard for - so that my dad can be proud of me. He won't even talk to me. ABEL, he won't talk to me. Not because of me, but because of you and your brother and his morons and this justice system you built. I've been locked away so many times. Damn I am pissed at you, ABEL. I am.

And, ABEL, at this moment - I don't know if I could do that. Not because of you, but because of them. I don't want people - or things like them in MY heaven. Not because I don't like them, but for my own protection. Why would I want them there? No one is ever going to treat me like this EVER -

not in heaven. Not if I can help it. Not that stuff. No way. No how. Not over my dead body.

I will ask for beer and pineapple train wreck - and call it a day right now. I'm good with that. I can obviously wait to see my kid, if I don't have a choice.? See what happened last time, this time, am I correct?

I know you want to save the planet Earth, ABEL. But I must say the word EVERYTHING in order to get that done. Is that correct? Be honest, I can't say the word EVERYTHING and not include all those morons and other things that have tormented me my entire life.

And let's be reminded, they torment me because of you and your brother. Am I right? Is that what I understand from you, ABEL?

Yes, you are correct, MIKEL. I knew it might be too much to ask. I understand you. Just thought I'd try something new. I knew it might be too much to ask. Don't worry about how you feel. I understand. And you're right, you can't say the word EVERYTHING - to save the Earth, and not save those morons and CAIN'S goons as well. So, I respect you, I'm sorry - but I had to ask. I really am sorry, MIKEL. I am sorry, MIKEL. I am.

MIKEL, you're gonna be just fine. Don't you worry.

What if I told you, death tickles, MIKEL? Would that ease your concerns? Cause it does.

Chapter 43

PASTOR ALICE FINALLY
AWAKENS

That morning at the North Side Church office meeting.

Let me ask all of you a question. What was nailed to the cross?

That's easy, Jesus.

I didn't ask you "who" I asked you – "what"?

Jesus was a man. A "human" man.

It's very possible that Mikel is telling us the truth. Mikel has been telling us about the signs for over a year. That man has come to this church for over a year, and I have never seen anyone talk to him. Why does he keep coming? Why would he continue to lie and prank us **for over a year?**

He wrote a book about his troubles. That's too much dedication for a simple prank. Is fooling us truly that important to any prankster? Don't kid yourself. You're not even that important to me.

I DON'T try to fool you more than one day of the year, April 1st. Are you so high on your horse that you would mean that much to HIM? Get real....your stupid, if you think so.

Get bent. Think about it. Sorry. But I am just saying. I'm just being honest and real. GET BENT. I know you better than Mikel, and your just being stupid thinking you're so important

that he would prank you for over a year.

What is your problem??? Are you that stuck up on yourself? What's your ever-loving problem? Do you have a problem with being A CHRISTIAN? If you do - PLEASE GET THE HELL OUT OF MY CHURCH!!!!!!

NOW, RIGHT NOW. Pardon my French.

This religion is NOT a joke!!!!!!

Every one of you says the same thing about Mikel. You all say there is something different about him - now you know what the difference is - He happens to be the martyr of the apocalypse. He has ABEL - TOTH, for a soul.

The actual 4th Horseman of the Apocalypse.

AND YOU DON'T.

I'm sure that you wouldn't want to trade places with Mikel. Finding out you're the martyr OF THE APOCALYPSE, and that when you die everything and everyone you love will suffer through the Apocalypse.

Mikel is broke and homeless, hunted by LAW ENFORCEMENT just for being homeless, everywhere, for what he said in his book. He doesn't talk to or about his own daughter - FOR HER own protection.

Would you want to trade places? Mikel was mugged in our own parking lot. Hit in the head with a rock. He was beaten and arrested for falling asleep waiting for the bus. He is homeless. He is Broke. Wet and hungry - most of the time - do you want to trade places? Become the Martyr? Of the Apocalypse? I don't

think you do. I don't think you do or would. EVER.

Mikel, never tells you what I don't preach to you every Sunday, go out and enjoy life - there might not be much left. What about your faith? Don't you trust the Bible? Let me show you something, in the book Revelations, chapter 2 This is when the 4th Horseman shows up. So, the "HE" in this book is the 4th horseman.

Do you know how Mikel put himself through fire academy? He was a HOT ROD IRON worker - for 2 years. " he will rule the world with a HOT ROD OF IRON," see it? That is no coincidence. They didn't have IRON construction 2,000 years ago. They built with stone. Mikel was also a type 2 fire fighter. A HOT SHOT - that's not a simple job. Takes training. Education. And real Dedication. We are in Chapter 2 - be reminded. People? Being a prick is not allowed at this church, I'm sorry. But you offend me.

That's no coincidence at all.

There is also a HOPI prophecy that states,- "OUT OF THE ASHES OF THE **PHOENIX**, AN **AWAKENING** WILL OCCUR".

Mikel moved here to Tucson when his house burned down in **Phoenix**, the title of his book is **the awakening**. Mikel doesn't think "he" is the 4th horseman. Mikel thinks his soul, ABEL, is the 4th Horseman.

Yeah, I'm scared too. But isn't it nice to know all this isn't fake? Isn't it nice to know this is all real? Doesn't it seem like it's exactly the way Mikel wrote in his book, that we have all been quarantined. That we have arrived....We keep saying we are in the end times; Mikel just agrees with us and y'all say he is crazy. Well, that makes you crazy too. Think about it. Are you going to walk hand and hand with him to the looney bin? I don't think so.

I have read Mikel's notes and letters and emails, he was terrified when he discovered that ABEL was in fact the Prince of Darkness, - Dorkness, I know, I know - I think that's cute but --- also ABEL is and was, the 4th Horseman. Mikel called and wrote us every day for two weeks.

YOU IGNORED HIM UTTERLY-

All of you ignored him.

You thought he was trashing and joking on you, and your religion... guy's.. please help me help you ----

Then, I read it, Mikel came into an acceptance. He accepted that ABEL - TOTH was his soul.

He had no choice. Because we were not going to help him. Not one time, not whatsoever. So, he accepted his fate. We all thought his request for

exorcism was a joke. That he was making fun of our "religion." Trashing it. Admit it, were you ever going to tell me about his fears? Were you ever going to be a CHRISTIAN, about anything??? No, you weren't.

You all ignored him, didn't you? Yes, you did. And you hid this from me, didn't you? Yes, you did. I know you did - I am disappointed, yes, I am. Shit. Sorry to talk this way but y'all...

You guys didn't even tell me about it. Didn't even tell me someone had even asked us for an exorcism.

You didn't tell me, your pastor, about someone in our church, someone needing or requesting exorcism. Let me assure you, spirituality is real. That's what we sell here. And THIS - is my job. The needs of everyone's soul in this church - is my job. The needs of your soul IS MY JOB.. Do you get me???

Even people that are not a part
of this church! Do I make myself clear?

What do you think this is - an
exclusive club? If you think this is an
exclusive club, ESCORT YOURSELF
OUT. I DON'T WANT YOUR KIND HERE
--- NOT EVEN ANOTHER MINUTE, GET
GONE - AND I'M HERE TO SAY
GOODBYE!!!!!! SEE YA LATER alligator.

DO You think I'm just bull
shitting every week, be kind, believe
in miracles, be the body of Christ, we
care like no one else?

I'm disappointed, I am.

I'm upset.

Helping your spirit is my job.
That performance on Sunday is just a
reminder that I am here for you when
you need me. That means every one

of you, and the others you and I
haven't even met yet.

We sell spiritual help. It's my job
to tend to the needs of your soul. I
suggest the next time someone from
this church needs exorcism, or anyone
for that matter - I better be told about
it. I better be told immediately. THAT'S
WHY WE ARE HERE. This is a church.

Not an exclusive club.

DO YOU HEAR ME, THIS IS NOT
AN EXCLUSIVE CLUB, TO STORE YOUR
EVER-LOVING EGO'S?

YOU LITTLE SHITS. you
disappoint me.

PISS ME OFF? Yes you have, but
I forgive you.

- But - listen,

I know CAIN KILLED ABEL, in the Bible, that's why ABEL is Mikel's soul.

Mikel didn't start the Apocalypse. ABEL did.

ABEL did it, after Mikel and he were hit in the head with a rock - in our parking lot, remember?

Now, if you were Abel, and Cain hit you in the head with a rock, and it was within your power to start the Apocalypse, wouldn't you do it? Wouldn't you start the Apocalypse? If it were within your power to do that? Think about it? A rock? Wouldn't you, knowing what you know ABOUT THE BIBLE? CAIN and ABEL?

I would, wouldn't you?....A rock to the head? It's a no brainer.

The records we get from the church go back 2000 years; we don't

have current information that Mikel has. Mikel however knows things that the church doesn't select to share with the public, that are very true. How did he know about Mar's being the God of Wine before he became the God of War? How do you go from being the God of a good time, to being the God of a really terrible time? How did he know that? We haven't said that since before the destruction of Atlantis. And only the MOST knowledgeable KNOW this. How did he know?

That's very coveted information. Guarded heavily by those only the top of the top trust. Even my teachers were impressed that I had discovered this information - FROM MIKEL.

And I am not allowed to tell you how much is true, but Mikel - KNOWS A LOT. It's as if Mikel knew more than the teachers, and the teachers can't figure out how he knows so much. We're talking NEW, VERY NEW INFORMATION, as in just happened.

The vortex is alive with activity. And Mikel was the first to tell us, and we have been watching this vortex for 450 years. He just showed up to town, didn't even believe in vortex's till now.

We are a church and we know and believe there is a vortex here in Tucson that can open Hell's Gate. Mikel is a Christian, so of course he doesn't truly believe or understand what's happening to him, cause - we the church have always said - those people are crazy; for your own protection, of course.

That Vortex we have collectively watched for over 400 years, happens to be Hell's Gate. We don't tell you about the vortex, so people won't play with it. Hell's Gate is nothing to play with, if you get what I am saying.

My only advice to you is do what Mikel says. Mikel says go out and enjoy your life more. Quit working so hard. Go have fun. Be with your kids and grandkids. Get your bucket list

done. That's just good advice – apocalypse or not. Besides, we might be out of time.

Anyone seen Mikel lately?

Where's he been?

He happens to be the Martyr of the Apocalypse and you don't know or even care, where he is? He is a church member, and you still don't care what's going on in his life? Is he just eye candy to you? You know he's homeless. But you don't care to help – none whatsoever. Man. y'all are supposed to be CHRISTIANS, what is your problem.....

Being the Martyr of the Apocalypse, it might be nice to have him close by and safe don't 'ya think?

No? Just don't care? Think it's all fake? Just something to do between 9 - 11am on Sunday? Well, I'm sad.

Shit, you guys. So, you think this is just a bunch of crap? We might actually have screwed ourselves again, pardon my French - again.

If you'll excuse me, I'm going home to spend some time with my family, while we still have some time. Don't bother me unless someone else need's EXORCISM. And I mean ANYONE.

I don't know what you're going to do about church on Sunday. I won't be there. And you deserve this, cause this is not MY church. My church wouldn't treat ME this way, so don't bother me. Not this week. I need time alone with my family right now.

Chapter 44.
ABEL CHECKS IN
WITH THE
GRANITE MOUNTAIN
SHADOW CREW

That night at the vortex -

SHADOW REPORT - but before
you say a word SHADOW - I need to
talk to the new recruits.

Eric? How's it going? Can you do
the job? All right, tell me everything.
Eric, I know it's bad and shocking that
is why it's called WAR, there's nothing
that will surprise me after 600 million
lifetimes of this, I've heard it all.

Well shit! That's a new one.

That surprises me. I'm disappointed in myself – I thought I couldn't be surprised. That surprises me, too. Damn. I'm surprised, that I'm surprised. That surprises me too – this is a first. That disappoints me. I'm surprised that I'm surprised. Well, that makes sense. Ok. Thanks for the help. How you liken it – the new job?

Eric, admit it, you miss getting a haircut, don't you? That's what I'm fighting for buddy. Hang in there. It gets better. Beautiful galaxy we have isn't it? Can you believe you were ever so small? Amazing isn't it.

Worth saving, I think. Thanks for your help Eric. And I am impressed. Great first report. Don't Do that impressing me shit anytime soon, cause YOUR just like D-MAN, can't tell you what to do or – you will do it. You should've seen the job he did when I said that!!!! Ok, back to work. Just take it easy on me next time. You trying to kill me with a heart attack?

Hey Eric, do you guys ever take showers? No I'm asking cause I never get to take showers and I'm the General. They just don't let me. Even if I give them cash.

I just want to make sure their treating you men like family, cause they don't treat me like family here, and I'm trying to save these little shits.

But you could if you would, right? OK. Good. Back to work

GRANITE MOUNTAIN HOT SHOTS.

Chapter 45

The Descent

MIKEL, we have to do it again.

Ascend?

Yup. But were going down this time. I have to check in with brother.

What?

He who can ascend, which you did last week, can also descend - we wrote that down, didn't you get the message? Put it in parenthesis too. You know how hard that was to

explain – what is a parenthesis 2000 years before we ever invented one.

It's ok. No one reads the bible anymore. Too many other good books out there. Competition is fierce. You know that, having wrote a book. Hang on Mikel, you'll like this better, I promise.

My people aren't so stuck up. And they're friendly. I promise, no one will hit you this time.

But where are we going to descend, ABEL - we're at the central Tucson Valdez Library.

You ascended the other day at the Ronstadt, Mikel. So we will descend - Right here, that's why we put these libraries where they are, so our gates don't get messed with. Hold on Mikel.

The two began the dissension.

Oops wrong floor. I know we need to talk, but we can't talk now. I'll be back. I promise. Shit, I bet that pissed him off. But that's normal for him to be pissed off at me. Everything is always my fault. Sucks being the General sometimes. Everything is always my fault.

Especially with that guy. SATAN hates me.

Precious, how are you?

We are wholesome and we are bountiful.

Good cause I wasn't meaning to stop. I haven't used this gate in a while. I have to visit with TROLL. Glad you all right. But listen, Precious, since I'm here - I have a favor to ask of you. I started the Apocalypse, and I need you to create for me one of your precious protection stones.

Apocalypse? Another one, General TOTH?

I'm trying to save the world,
Precious, don't give me any grief.

I had to get my brother to come down here, so he could see for himself what his problems are, come up with his own solutions. It has to be done this way.

Can you not handle your brother?

Oh, I can handle him - sure. But I was asking more for MIKEL'S safety than I was my own. You know how big CAIN is. He's even big for his type. I like MIKEL, and I don't want to lose him. As big as CAIN is, he might squish him like a bug. Can't let that happen.

I will comply gladly, General TOTH.

Precious you are the best at what you do. That's why I leave you alone. Thank you.

Man, I love Precious. Never a complaint or problem from her.

That's a girl?

We think so.

TROLL, brother, so good to see you again.

ABEL, brother, where you been for the last 10k years?

Brothers had me tied up, slave implanted for 1,600 lifetimes. Can you believe it? Man, the things he does just to win. Oh well. What can you do? How are things down here?

We're running the phoenix hot, very hot. But that's only because of the threat. I have to release pressure, ABEL. I have no choice. We either release the pressure now. Or we

release the pressure later, after we go super nova.

Well we don't want that, and I know SATAN is pissed off at me, it's hotter than hell in there right now. Ok we have to release pressure, I agree. Can you get your crew to find alternatives, like release the pressure under water, somewhere that the humans don't live?

ABEL, I need to release a lot of pressure. More than normal. I've been maintaining with 10 and 15 % pressure release. This is almost an emergency. I truly need to release 60 - possibly even as much as 70%. It's tricky to find new spots, takes time to find locations. I need to release pressure now to keep from going nova.

I understand, brother, I do.

I might not be able to find new locations that won't affect the humans.

Well, we deal with this all the time. They will overcome as they always have, but can you get it done without another Pompeii event.

I think I can-

You think? Or you know?

Who do you think you're talking to, 'lil brother?

I know you're the best. I give you permission to release pressure by 30%. If you need more, I will allow upwards of 70%. This might actually help me out. I started the Apocalypse.

You did what? Again, Why? You two still fighting? ABEL????

Don't ask me why, I'm trying to save the world. Man, I'm gone for an eon or more, and you think

I've lost my rank. I'm the General, YOU can't talk to me like that. Well that's not true, you can. And releasing 70% would make the world and CAIN'S crew think it's an Apocalypse without me having to use my Apocalypse. You know what, I want to get their attention, make it 45% pressure release.

I thought you didn't want to harm humans.

Do I need to make my request an order? Just don't sink California yet. Not without my command, I love George Lucas. Don't want to have to kill George Lucas. Not yet.

Nope, 45% it is.

I gotta go. Man, you're so lucky to be down here. So nice and quiet here. You should see the way they carry on upstairs. They give me the biggest headache. Always whining and

complaining. Can I just sit here for a moment and enjoy your peace and quiet you have? Besides I might not get to see you again for another eon, brother.

Of course, little brother. Your family. You know the rule we have down here. Be good or be gone. You are always welcome here, 'lil brother.

I wish CAIN had that one rule. He has too many rules. Thank you, man, you're so lucky. I wish I were you sometimes. It's a mad house upstairs. All ways fighting. They drive me crazy. And they believe that they can't do what we know they can do. They insist on dying first, I'm getting sick of it. TROLL, brother, I don't want to leave you. I may not see you for another eon. But I have to go, gotta tend to my Apocalypse business and saves this world.

Take care little brother. Good to see you again.

Tell Brother CAIN we all say hi.

Chapter 46

The Betrayal

That afternoon on Fourth
Horseman Avenue in Tucson Arizona.

ABEL, who is that one guy that
is always looking at us strange and
why won't you talk to him?

That's an old friend, MIKEL.
Well, we used to be friends. You don't call on those guys for no other reason than an emergency. They're the 9-1-1 of spiritual help. They are the Hells Angels. The Red and White. The Salvation Army. My first crew. And that man there is my first victim of betrayal. I had to betray them, MIKEL. They know something is going on, but we can't talk. We don't talk. I betrayed them.

Mikel, as you well know, before Jesus, I had other converts. As I have told you this is just a prison, still is. So, all I had was Convict converts, the red and white, my salvation army.

The Salvation Army was and is a good thing, but I can assure you - too many rules for a guy like me. And no one was ever going to help a convict. Or listen to a convict. Wouldn't you agree?

So, I betrayed them.

I said to my second in command, which is who that happens to be, *"Malfreth, you will be named*

Malforth from now on. This is to remind all of us of the 4th Apocalypse we have just endured. We do not want another Apocalypse. None of us do. Malforth, I'm the leader of this crew. I created us. We have overruled ourselves. Too many rules. I don't have to put up with this. I created us men. I'm the leader of this crew. Too many god damned rules. I'm sick of this shit. Time for some changes..... Malforth - I'm- FIRED."

- It wasn't in the rules, and it was definitely a betrayal -

Well, there's only one place for a Hell's Angel to go, especially one that wasn't being an angel anymore, wouldn't you say - the idea worked. But there had to be two betrayals, in order to ascend both armies. - That just got me into the Army of Darkness - which I prefer to call dorkness, Army of Dorkness.

The betrayal that got me through the damned was - the chosen ones, CAIN'S chosen people, WW2, and the holocaust. The supersized, systemized, totally legal killing

machine that's historically called the
“(I do) not see pigs”.

I had a chip on my shoulder
about Jesus – Jesus of Nazareth. I had
a point to make. And a resentment to
settle. Another lesson to teach to
CAIN’S precious few.

Chapter 47

The Hollow Cost

Hitler, as I have told you before and you well know, was me in another life. We all know about Hitler and the Jews, I had to show the chosen one's what government approved, and sponsored killing was like. There were also two other reasons. REVENGE. And the betrayal so I could ascend the Army of the Damned. I wanted the punishment. It was part of the payoff for me. Not only would I ascend the Army of the Damned, but I would also flesh these immortals out for good and prove my point.

The chosen one's were supposed to "heal GOD'S PAIN", on my brothers' behalf. That was the deal. The messiah comes, and changes the law, dies, and CAIN'S chosen ones would heal god's pain with a piece of his flesh.

They did this, sorta. They had Jesus killed, yes, they did. They took what they needed to " heal god's pain" - but they never healed god's pain. And I suspected that they kept the secret to themselves. So, I had something to prove. Not just to them, but also to myself - and my brother.

How do you like being in a gas chamber with 599 dead friends, neighbors, and relatives - And somehow your still alive? How did that happen? How did you do that? Don't worry. You don't have to answer that, I already know. I know how you did it - and just to prove I'm right; you get to witness this brutality, over and over - again and again - while I find the others of you, and you can keep telling me, keep lying to me, telling me - I don't know, I don't know, I don't know how I survived.

I bet you do. I know you do.

Because I got this 'little hunch you do know how you survived - which is exactly why I did this to you. All of you. Capiche?

Just remember, I did nothing wrong the way you did, this - all this - it's the law -.....

How do you personally like government sponsored killing and being in a special club now?

Yeah, I bet you don't like it. Not now.

*Do you think you can share?
Can you share - now? Like your secret
to survival inside of a gas chamber,
when everything else around you dies.*

*Don't worry, I know how and
why you survived. I do. I just don't
know why you lie. Like why do you tell
people that Elijah will come in a
postapocalyptic world, but you don't
tell them we are in the 4th post-
apocalyptic world?*

*I hope I do get sent to hell for
this. All of them. That's EXACTLY why I
am doing this. I deserve it. That is
absolutely why I am doing this. And
as you can tell, I am on top of the
world. No one can stop me. Nothing
can stop me. I will find all of you. All of
you.*

MIKEL, you don't have to call me
General Death. Please. If you must,
call me Professor Death. Please call
me Professor Death.

General is a job. It's a rank inside of a military. It's a terrible job. My real profession is teacher. We had to create the military to fight evil. Fight and evolve later. We tell you "thou shalt not kill", but you do. You all still do it.

We had to create something for this imbalance. Hence forth, the a.o.d.'s were created. The Army of the DAMNED was created for the purely evil and special cases of hate and mass murder. The Army of the DARKNESS for everyone else that just didn't fit into any other heavenly category. We created these Armies to keep shut the doors of your apparent freaky imagination.

MIKEL, you should see what I got at my command. They're ugly as all hell, literally.

- *Who's a big army of the damned? You are, yes you are. Yes, you are.*
- *Who's a good-looking Army of the Damned? Has a face only THIS General could love? You do. Yes, you do. Yes, you do.*

At ease, soldiers....That's an order

I prefer everyone call me teacher when I'm not at work. Please, MIKEL, call me ABEL - ABEL to do anything, or ABEL - TOTH - but do not call me little general - I'm the teacher, I am Teacher Death. Or Professor Death.

That general crap is just a job. And I hate my job, just like you humans. Seems like we all have that in common too. Even my dad and CAIN complain about their jobs. So, don't feel alone. I don't want you to identify me with my job, as General. Not unless you would like to address me by my old profession as a teacher.

A long time ago, before I was the General, the God of Life and the God of Death got together. Life was new to the Galactic Council and also alone in the universe. Life said to my Granddad.

Hey, do you think you could help me out? I need some support. I'm

new here and I need all the friends I can get.

UH - Life, don't you think this would be a conflict of interest, I mean, come on - who we trying to kid here, kid? I'm DEATH???

Well, yeah - but we can work something out. I know we can. Listen, I'm new here. I need all the friends I can get. We can figure something out - I know we can. Trust me, we can figure out an agreement that works for both of us, I know we can.

Those two, LIFE and DEATH, came up with your LIFETIME. 99.99% of all your species, every last one of them, and also four of your Earth's, have become lifeless and extinct.

99.99% that's a lot, wouldn't you agree?

You live your life anyway you want; we care not who you worship. We care not what sin's you commit. We will harvest your time at the end of your life, when you are done dying - this is done for negotiations with evil

at the gate. The same once necessary, now very unnecessary- EVIL, that I have told you about already.

Evil, be reminded, is not physical. It is not spiritual. You cannot kill it with a bullet. You cannot kill it with a bomb. You cannot kill it with spiritual commandments either. EVIL, the one I speak of, EVIL is not a force of nature. It's not a force of the spirit. EVIL is a force of the imagination. Does this make any sense to you MIKEL?

Now we, CAIN and I - we death's, we think you are grown enough for your next battle. The battle in our republic. With you humans having an equal vote. A vote inside of our galactic republic - which will become your republic, too.

Instead of fighting against you, CAIN and I will now fight for you. Defend you because you will have enemies almost as soon as you arrive. No one likes change. Not anyone ever, anywhere in the galaxies.

And no-one seems to like their job either, so don't do that, get a stinking job. No-one likes those.

Timely and Accidental will, of course, have to be left behind. We each live and die by our own choices, right? And we can't stop gravity just because you have stepped into another evolution. The DEATH named Timely will have to change his name. I like "used to have a job around here", but I can't run my democracy, I just cast ideas and vote.

However, since there will always be choices that don't always go your way, Timely will have to stay. Cancer. Purposeful. Untimely. Instant. Painful, and the other ones, will leave with me, when all this is over and its official.

DEATH said to LIFE -

"How embarrassed do you think I'm going to feel saying it - life has its place in our galaxy, a place in our republic? This is going to hurt me. I have a reputation to look after. This will ruin me."

And, so, I carry the torch of my grandfathers, to help life. And because of mom, and the humans. All contained inside the relative, MIKEL.

General DEATH, are you aware of your allegations? What are we of the Galactic Senate supposed to think of all the time you have wasted killing LIFE in all of the galaxies?

Well, heaven look's beautiful now. Heaven looks great. You knew it was going to take a long time to get you all to look this good. Look at all of you. Heaven even has a girl's touch to it too. Thanks to my girl, Pesty. It was obviously going to take a long time to get you all this good looking...wouldn't you agree?

Our kind have evolved past death a long time ago. Life was forgotten and new to us. Then we

discovered you. At first, outside of mother, all the republic was afraid of you - and your life.

Feared it. Your life killed our death to have you around. So, we banished you and your life from our kingdom. But as you cannot simply create, you can, also, not simply destroy. As I have told you before, MIKEL.

Life - in my opinion, as the General of the Army of the Damned, General to the Army of Dorkness, - see, I like it, Dorkness. It's a fit - not so scary. User friendly. I like it. Besides I'm the General, no one can tell me what I can't do. And I'm also the strike team leader to the Apocalypse weapon. ME, ABEL - TOTH, ME, General Death - little general death.

Life: I believe that LIFE, has a place in our galaxies. In our republic.

But "we" run a democracy, and I don't always get what I want in my

democracy. I am, however, and
forever on your side. Know that you
are not alone. You have a friend in me,
MIKEL.

Chapter 48
Earth Council with ABEL

That night at the vortex -

LIGHTS, report -

We haven't looked this good
since the last time you were here,
General.

Oh, twilight, you just made my
millennia...

Shadow report -

They blame everything on you.
Every little thing. It's ridiculous.
They're running themselves in
circle's...

Rah, SIRE.....

Ahoy, General.

Report, captain. Please, sire.

On time and on course.

On time, on course? When was the last time you said that?

Can't recall...Sire.

Me neither. Good.

Weather - report -

I am making a healthy come back. I'm stronger in some regions where they have no weapon against me. Your strike against the pilots has helped tremendously. I'm pleased to report.

Natural disaster, report, tell me
- what do you have for me?

We've moved up to "K",

Good...pick up anymore please,
report to me immediately. I need you
to tie in with, Troll.

Precious, report -

We are wholesome and
bountiful, we are one. We are at
peace. Remember - all miracles
happen at the last minute...General
TOTH.

Thank you, Precious.

That brings me to MIRACLES.
Captain Tripps and his ship of fools,
report-

Grand Mother says when the cookies are ready. We will leave when the cookies are ready. We will be there. We. Will. Be there.

MAYHAM - report,

I got the banks on the ropes, baby. I'm telling you WE GOT THIS ONE.

All, right, listen - I want ALL of you to know that as your General, it is my honor to take full credit for your work. You make this job look so easy.

It was my imagination that might have brought you all together, but I NEVER ANTICIPATED THE RESULTS I AM GETTING FROM YOU.

Never.

Team, it is my honor to be your General. I cannot be happier. The honor is truly mine; it truly is. Carry on. And keep impressing me, that's an order.

Chapter 49
ABEL'S APPEAL TO PASTOR
ALICE

That day on the North Side
Church's Facebook page appeared.

Dear Pastor Alice -

MIKEL and I keep warning you.
We keep telling you how to turn this
around, this Apocalypse. With the love
light. But you? Oh, that Mikel - he's
just making fun of my religion. I don't
like him trashing our religion.

No, I'm sorry but we are not
trashing your religion. You however,
are trashing everything we say...inside
of your religion.

Look, I know that before the
house fire MIKEL had a house full of
material stuff. You also have and
value all of your material stuff as well,
I am sure of that. In fact, you value all
this stuff more than one human life.
And I know you do. I know you do. I

see it each and every day; I know that all of you do. Especially when I see homeless people.

Homeless people everywhere.

Every city. Every town. Every nation. Everywhere.

In this town, a town, mind you – that has 25% empty homes. At least that is what the 2014 USA census says, but just like your religion, how can you trust that stuff, right?

And then you have GOD. I know that you do, that's how we met. And I know that you want GOD to value this entire planet. This entire planet, and all the people on this planet, and all its valuable crap.

Yes, you do. You want GOD to value you and all others like you - more than one human life. Don't you?

Let's say that life belongs to her son.

Her only son.

That doesn't seem very fair. You want God to do something you cannot do equally for her.

Remember when Jesus gave the Sermon on the Mount? He said, you are the salt of the Earth. You are the love and light of the world. When salt loses its saltiness, the salt must be discarded, given back to the ocean. That's what it says, isn't it? Or something like that?

Now listen, we destroyed the plans for the light bulb during Pompeii, Atlantis, the Luna mission, Alexandria 1 - 09, which, as the General - this is all totally my fault, sorry about that.

That line, "love and light" - That was never supposed to say "love - (AND) - light". That was, and is, a mistake. Your language evolved faster than we could get you to create another light bulb. So, when the "and" was added, without my consent - this mistake has messed us up, royally. Pun intended. That "and" word has messed up, all of you and our first objective - getting the love light on.

I got mad when they did the “and” edition, but I can’t control MY democracy, so I just made it into a sarcastic comeback ...” and? And? And?..”

The original Sermon on the Mount was supposed to say – love light, and it does, sorta – But not love (and) light. Just – love light – only. We either accidentally, or on purpose, blew up each other, and the light bulb designs, over and over. And we didn’t invent another light bulb till Edison showed up 1900 years later.

Sorry about that. My fault entirely.

But look, without the love light turned on, we are doomed. Let me explain. Currently we have Jesus on his way to get us; but they can’t see us.

Have you ever lost your keys? I know you have. Ever lose them in a dark room? I know you have. Would it have helped you if you had a light inside this dark room – I know it would

have. But what if your keys were lost inside a dark closet with millions of other keys, would the light still help you? Would it help better if the keys that you were looking for had a light?

That's what the "love light" is for – it's our light to help us find you. And if we don't get that love light turned on, we are doomed. When Jesus gave this speech, SALT was the HVAC of its time. Salt was the fridge of the time. Salt helped preserve food. We spoke to people in the day's language, trying to fit in. That way the people could understand us easier. Salt back then was a preservative. Another way to keep food from rotting.

Salt was a preservative, just like you are here to preserve the Earth. We were trying to say "preserve yourself, your brother, and this Earth" the Sky, Water, Ground , and – as you now know, Below, down with Troll and Precious.

You are here to take care and preserve the Earth. Not something tasty sprinkled on top as you think of salt today. Because you have evolved past salt as a preservative and now

use refrigerators to keep food from rotting this has lost its true meaning.

The bad part of this speech by Jesus is the last part – when salt loses its saltiness, it must be returned to the sea – that basically means - YOU WILL BE – FIRED - AND YOU WILL BE DISMISSED FROM THE EARTH AND EXISTENCE....capiche?

Thus, OUR problem.

This is not what we want to do, but a deal is a deal. It's written down. It's in the book. We have told you over and over to LOVE ONE ANOTHER. That is how the LOVE light comes on.

With the Apocalypse being on – this is how this works, each and every day we, as a group, either go up a degree, or down a degree. Total deeds combined. Good and the Bad. Ever boil water? At 110 degree's, it's just a bunch of hot water. But add ONE MORE tiny degree, and that changes everything, causes a great disturbance in the water. Now it's boiling water.

That's how the Apocalypse works. Slowly we will cook all of you – just like as if you were frogs, till the water is boiling, and the entire world destroyed – but don't worry – that religion you worship is as real as my warnings. As real as all of the prophecies I have told you about. Look, you aren't going to the
RELIGIOUS WORLD of HEAVEN.
So, don't fear me trashing your religion, I'm trying to help you.

No, you are not going to the religious world of heaven. You are going to the spiritual world of heaven, am I correct? But listen, in order to get your spirit to heaven you must leave something behind, like flesh and bones.

But when a mother ship, like the one coming our way, when a mother ship squishes you, and destroys the entire universe, there won't be anything here to leave behind. Or save your spirit. Your chance to get to heaven, just like you all – will vanish.

We have to love one another; I know your religion says to do this. I know all of them do. Even the Jesus and Christian doctrines say to do this.

But just like thou shalt not kill - I guess
you still think we are joking?

Suit yourself.-

Yours truly General DEATH.

Chapter 50

MAYHAM'S BET WITH THE BANKS

I bet he **CAN** jump all five
dimensions!!!!.

No funny looking hat, and
WITHOUT the medicine bag.....

Put your money where your
mouth is, BANKS, - I bet he can? I bet
you're wrong. I bet you all the time we
got -accept five minutes.

We gotta deal?

Money?

How much money you talking
about, BANKS?

ALL THE MONEY. You sure about
that?

I just want you to say it again
and be sure of that....

How much time I got?

FFFFFFIIIIVVVVVVEEEEEEE
MINUTES?

Five minutes...it is then.

ALL right, I like's me a
challenge.

Sign here. Date here.

Sign here, and here.

And initial here, here, and here.

Shake on it?

- Picture time!!!!, smile - be
back shortly.

And MAYHAM and MIKEL slowly,
very slowly walked down the hall
MAYHAM laughing the entire way.

Aren't we in a hurry MAYHAM,
we only have five minutes?

Yeah, I know - that's what
makes this so funny, we only have five
minutes. Mikel, you ever wonder how
many infinite moments there are in a
"five minutes", let's find out. Oh,
Mikel, did they just mess up big time.
They might have and need time
machines for themselves, BUT I DONT.
I'm MAYHAM; I'm a demigod. I'm
omnipotent. I can go anywhere and
be there at any time instantly. I'm
going to have fun with this. Let's go.
We got this one baby.

WE GOT THIS ONE BABY. We got
em this time for sure. They will have to
pay up. Oh Baby, have we GOT THIS
ONE. Boss gonna be so happy with
me.

Chapter 51
THE CATHEDRAL

That night at the vortex -

Gabriel, I have a problem. Tell Gabriel what you asked me earlier, MIKEL, cause I can't tell him everything.

I'M TIRED OF RUNNING FROM THE VORTEX and I asked what would happen if I didn't run next time the vortex opened.

- next time?

Well, what can I do, Gabriel?
I can't tell him everything, you
know the rules.....

Well the next time became this time, and the vortex began to open.

Don't run ass whole, you wanted to find out and I can't tell you

EVERYTHING. So, we about to find out, MIKEL. Hope you survive.

Mikel, when are you just gonna be satisfied? Don't worry about that, Mikel, that just means your evolving. Runs in the family. Ok son, I hope you get what you want. Man, I hope you make it, too, because I really like you and I hate diapers. I truly hate being in diapers, I do.

Y'all don't always wake up either. Shit, I had the A.O.D kill Meryl Haggard and Prince to prove it to you, and that wasn't enough. But you still need to learn. OK, let's go learn something.

MIKEL, I can't tell you everything so, hold on – don't you run, let's find out what happens together. Ready?

Don't know what to say other than hang on and hang on very very tight. And try to stay close to me too. Capiche?

Ready here we go.

MIKEL, do you believe in prayer?
Might help us, I have never really tried
it before, being stuck here and all for
600 million lives...I gave up on it many
lives ago.

So, there they were, wherever
they were. And MIKEL was the size of a
bug literally. He was a sphere of blue.
And he was very small compared to
everything else that was there with
ABEL and MIKEL. MIKEL Never felt this
size before. Ever. Under foot size, too.

And since this was an astral
plane, and a spiritual plane, people,
things, critters and whatever that
was..... would walk in every
imaginable direction.

Mikel, where are you? Stay
close to me.

I'm not used to being this small,
ABEL, or even being stepped on, ABEL.
What's going on?

MIKEL, this is the Galactic Senate. I'm trying to shut off the Apocalypse. We are also answering your dumb question. Like it? Like your new discovery?

MIKEL, stay close to me, you're embarrassing me.....

There were all sorts of things to look at. And what MIKEL noticed above all else.

- THERE IS **NO SUPERIOR RACE.**-

THERE'S NOT EVEN A SUPERIOR CRITTER, ANIMAL, SHAPE, THING, OR EVEN. - DON'T KNOW - WTF - THAT IS.

- ABEL - Uh, hmm, ABEL?

MIKEL, DUMB QUESTION, DUMB QUESTION, WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED ABOUT DUMB QUESTIONS?

What have you learned?
Haven't you learned anything yet? You wouldn't be here if you didn't ask such

dumb questions, you truly want to find out? I can make that happen for you.

MIKEL shut up. Yes, he did, real quickly.

And then MIKEL was eaten. Got eaten while he was there, which was odd.

Hey, give that back to me, you can't do that anymore. Give that to me. That was on the floor. Gross.

What, Mike, you think you're the only thing without manners around here? Didn't you see how that thing was dressed. This is the Galactic Senate for Christ sake....The nerve of some things, eating humans off the floor, gross. One step at a time MIKEL. First manners. Then no humans. Sound good to you? Baby steps MIKEL. We are only looking for baby steps.

A centipede walked by MIKEL and ABEL wearing all kinds of shoes. Nike. Adidas. Vans. Pumas.

Imagine the market value in a customer like that MIKEL, all those shoes.

What would it be ABEL?

I just said imagine it, we're in heaven, there is no market here - we get everything we want.

MIKEL, what did you think of the Galactic Senate?

Looked like Yankee Stadium.

CAIN'S favorite baseball team. Mine's the California Angels - circle a, red and white, - CA = CAIN + ABEL - that's my team. CAIN'S team, what can I say, they're the Yankee's. Gotta be the pen strikes.

On our

way back -

Well, there it is

Mikel.

What's that? The EARTH?

Oh no, MIKEL, that's the relative. See how small it is, just a grain of sand – inside all of this.

Holy shit.

We call this the closet, but I like your name for it, cause that is exactly what it is. OUR HOLY SHIT. Look you're the only blue one left. Now you see why we can't find you. Place is a little cluttered, our fault completely.

The relative?

Yeah, the relative, what did you think I was lying? One grain of sand in a mighty vast beach of creation?

No, I thought I had some talent. I thought I made that up. Now I realize I didn't write a book. I just reported. Thought I had some talent for a minute.

Don't worry Mikel, you got plenty. You got plenty coming.

Chapter 52

The Blue Wood Tree.....

MIKEL, have you ever seen a REDWOOD TREE? I know that you have. Tallest tree in the tree business, am I right? I know that I am.

But have you ever seen a REDWOOD TREE SEED? I know that you haven't, that's the smallest seed in the tree seed business.

MIKEL, that is what you are. You and everybody here, including this planet and those stars. Y'all are the BLUE WOOD TREE - SEED - at this moment - OF THE ENTIRE GALAXIES. At this moment y'all are very small, just like the redwood seed. But soon,

after we find you, I hope, you will grow up - in the image of a GOD.

But just like your Daddy here on Earth, well maybe not you personally, but mildly and normally speaking, the children grow bigger than their DAD'S. That's not my fault about you. I honestly can't tell you what happened there MIKEL. You're just short, MIKEL. Your just short.

Your kind, if I may, are made in the image of GOD. CAIN and I are made from God's, and we are just demigods. You will grow, if we survive, to know and be bigger than CAIN and I both combined. You will become and grow to teach us things we didn't already know. And you already have so far. Trust me MIKEL, you alone have showed and taught me many things about love and family.

Chapter 53
ABEL CHECKS IN WITH
GRANITE MOUNTAIN
SHADOW CREW

That night at the vortex-

SHADOW , report, but before
you say anything, - I need to hear from
your new recruits.

Eric, Granite Mountain - how are
we doing? Can you handle the job,
Eric? Alright, good, that's what I
expected to hear from you, tell me

what you got - hmmmmm, ok.....hmuf
- shit.

Eric, please tell me, how'd you like sleeping with your wife again? Don't cry Eric. There are always shadows in dark places. That's why I put you and the other men here. I knew you'd like that; I knew you would. It's one of the perks of the job.

That's why I put you here. I told you, we are family, and I wanted to show you some gratitude. Eric, trust me - I know, even heaven can be miserable without the ones you love. , So I put you somewhere that you could be with them all the time. You like it? Good.

Eric, please tell the GRANITE MOUNTAIN HOT SHOTS, I don't have enough room in the story for every man's name, or for all of our accomplishments. Not for the book but I will get you all in there somehow. I promise you that. I promise. And I will tell all your family about the perks of being part of an elite shadow crew. That you are always with them, even

in the darkness of night. There are shadows in dark places.

Boys - impress me. That's an order, which you're doing fine at, now be great about it.

Listen, Eric, forget the old assignment. Do this new assignment for me, please. I need you to shadow my brother. CAIN is going through some changes and I need to know his progress. And keep a close eye on all his minions. You will know right away whether or not you need to tell me something, so be gone and do well.

Copy that?

- be at peace Granite Mountain that is all. Thank you for the service.

Chapter 54
ABEL TAKES COMMAND OF
THE AXIS OF EVIL

I just had a new idea MIKEL!
Come on let's go.

That night at the vortex –

You MIGHT be EVIL - YES you may, but you weren't always evil. And one time long ago, you were a necessary evil, yes you were. But now, you serve - yourself, that's fine by me. I kind of like it like that. I like it that you do, watch this...

Because in order for your innocent self to become EVIL, you had to travel through a lot of darkness to make your final decisions. And you might be 99% EVIL - yes you may, however, and I know you're going to love this -

THAT AUTOMATICALLY MAKES YOU 1% DARK.

One is a number that contains a value.

That puts you under my command.

WELCOME TO MY ARMY OF DORKNESS. NOW - Fall in line, or face deserter consequences.

That's an order. Get used to this baby.....

I COMMAND THE FORCES OF
DARKNESS,
AND 1% IS ENOUGH A NUMBER THAT
WE
CAN COUNT. IS IT NOT? BANKS? Don't
you agree?

WELCOME TO MY ARMY OF
DARKNESS.

NOW CEAST AND DESIST ALL
EVIL ACTIVITY'S IMMEDIATELY OR
SUFFER ETERNAL HELL, DEM'S DUH
RULEZ, and we have to follow the
rules, that's also in the rules. The
General calls the orders - your peon
ass just does whatever I say...

WELCOME TO MY COMMAND,
YOU ARE NOW UNDER MY AUTHORITY.

DESCENT, AND YOU WILL
SUFFER.

INSTANT, ETERNAL, PAINFUL,
VERY PAINFUL, and GRUESOME any

sign of dissension, attack them
immediately -

THAT'S AN ORDER.

GO AHEAD AND DESCENT -

BANKS

SYSTEMS

INSTITUTIONS

JUSTICE

MILITARY

YOU ARE - hereby -

UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE
GALACTIC COUNCIL, Commanded by
ME, ABEL - TOTH. I am - ABEL TO DO
ANYTHING. But I prefer you just call
me YOUR WORST got damned
NIGHTMARE.

I am THE GUARDIAN. AND
GENERAL OF THE ARMY OF DARKNESS.
GENERAL OF THE ARMY OF THE

DAMNED. THE ETERNALLY DAMNED.
ALL OF THEM. I KINDLY REQUEST YOU
STAND DOWN OR PERISH AN ETERNAL
DEATH IN HELL.

THAT IS NOT A SUGGESTION.

THAT'S.

AN.

ORDER.

HOW CAN the soulless -
RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION - TEACH ME
ABOUT THE SOUL?

HOW CAN A JUSTICE SYSTEM,
WITH NO CONSCIOUS TELL ME WHAT
is RIGHT AND WHAT is WRONG -
WHEN SO OFTEN, THAT VERY JUSTICE
SYSTEM IS SO WRONG AND ALMOST
NEVER RIGHT - SO MANY TIMES, Eric
Garner, enuff said.

Even when the violence and
murder are recorded, still the justice
department say's "no harm done
here." Fuck that, tell that to his
daughter and my pride in Law

Enforcement and the justice department.

HOW CAN A "just - us" SYSTEM,
WITH NO
CONSCIOUS, or fear, or redemption
paid, BE
FAIR, AND TEACH FAIRNESS - WHEN IT
LACKS THE KNOWLEDGE AND THE
EXPERIENCE, TO BE EXACTLY WHAT IT
PREACHES TO ME IT IS?

Fair AND balanced, THAT'S
FUNNY.

ESPECIALLY - WHEN
HISTORICALLY SPEAKING - IT HAS
NEVER BEEN FAIR. NEVER BEEN
BALANCED. AND, historically speaking,
HAS ALWAYS PLAYED FAVORITES.
HISTORICALLY SPEAKING, MIND YOU.

Well, you know what I mean.

THEN, THERE IS THE VALUE
SYSTEM -
HOW CAN A SYSTEM THAT DOES NOT
VALUE THE PLACE THE SYSTEM IS
ON ,TEACH ME TO VALUE THE PLACE
THE SYSTEM IS ON?

How can a value system like this
TEACH me VALUE?

It doesn't.

IS THE SYSTEM IN PLACE MORE
IMPORTANT THAN THE PLACE THAT
THE SYSTEM IS ON?

I SAY NO. And the place, the
Earth, the very place the system is on,
can't be replaced but the system can,
trust that.

WE VALUE THE \$, OF COURSE
WE DO - BUT WE WOULD RATHER KILL
SOMEONE WE KNOW, (two of them
was my request) FOR A SIGN THAT I
AM HERE, THAN GIVE ME A BUCK TO
SAVE THE WORLD.

AND IT'S ALSO BECOME MORE
IMPORTANT TO MAKE A DOLLAR
KILLING OTHER PEOPLE, AND THE
NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE PLANET,
THAN IT WOULD BE TO SPEND A
DOLLAR AND SAVE EVERYTHING. SAVE
THE ENTIRE WORLD.

ALL RIGHT, I WILL GIVE YOU
\$2.00 TO KILL

THE EARTH, IF YOU WILL GIVE ME
\$1.50 TO SAVE EVERYTHING. STILL
MAKING VALUE WITH THAT DEAL,
AREN'T YA?

NO?

YOU WANTED TO BE THE 1%
ENOCH,
NOW YOU ARE.

ENOCH, YOU WERE BANISHED A
VERY LONG TIME AGO FOR YOUR
CONVERSION INTO EVIL AND GIVING
UP THE FLESH. YOU THOUGHT THE
FLESH WAS THE HUMAN'S WEAKNESS.

YOU'RE WRONG. BEING
PHYSICAL IS WHAT THEY DESIRE BACK
HOME. YES, ENOCH, THERE WAS A
TIME A LONG LONG LONG LONG -
VERY LONG TIME
AGO - THAT this evil system was a
necessary "evil."

TO CREATE THIS SYSTEM, we
HAD TO CREATE THE VALUE AND
INSTILL IT INTO OUR STUDENTS - THE
HUMANS.

But that time has come to an end. Just like every 12/ 31, at midnight every year. Time for a new time. GAMES UP ENOCH.

THERE IS NO ROOM FOR EVIL IN THE KINGDOM OF DARKNESS. A KINGDOM THAT WE SHARE WITH LIGHT, LOVE, AND THE INNOCENT'S.

THERE WILL BE NO MORE EVIL

HERE, THAT IS AN ORDER.

FROM THE GENERAL DEATH.

CAPICHE, ENOCH?

ENOCH, YOU ARE NOW UNDER my command. All you 1% of you DARK TWERPS. Every last 1% of you, too.

Chapter 55
ABEL'S LAST APPEAL TO
PASTOR ALICE

That day on the North Side
Church's Facebook page appeared. -

Dear Pastor Alice -

I totally understand about
"needing a sign." I do. I do. I truly truly
do. Believe me I do, and so do my A-
team. We do. We know that you need
a sign - but look, how many do you
need?

13 ain't enough? I mean there
are the signs written in the Bible, and
the five-blood moon's - with the final
blood moon being on MIKEL'S birthday
9/28. Then we also have the Aztec
Calendar that ended the very same
day we published - durrrrr - the
awakening. Don't you normally wake

up when the alarm goes off – I mean normally? What am I doing wrong?

I realize you want a sign you can share with people everywhere. So fine. I will give you one. I mean who's gonna be able to visit Tucson, to see all of our signs after we destroy it? So maybe this will help.

Ready?

Up in the night sky are a group of stars that tell a story. The story of our fight and possible future victory. Look to the sky tonight and find the constellations of ORION.

To the RIGHT (as in RIGHT ALL THE TIME – RIGHT) is Taurus the BULL – as in the bull market. Taurus is in the shape of a “V”. This “V” is made of five stars, and represents the AXIS OF EVIL, all five of them.

And to the LEFT, as in IF you don't listen to ABEL – TOTH. RIGHT NOW- as in right now – there will be nothing LEFT. To the left of ORION is SIRIUS. That's the Dog Star.

That star, the Dog Star, that represents EVERYTHING LOYAL TO MAN. Like his job, best friend, and children – the way they should be. Or should - SHOULD - always be loyal to their MAN.

OK. Let's begin –

When **Taurus** and **Orion**, (and everything loyal to man)- **Sirius** can quit fighting, **Vanquish** their **Vanguard** and desire for **Victory**, each of them kiss, make up, and have a **VALENTINE**, instead of fighting so much – then they can each have a **VICTORY**, and we can walk hand and hand together into history – AND NOT **VANISH**- THE SAME WAY THESE LEGENDS DID.

CAPICHE?

You wanted a mission impossible, and a sign from god that you can share with the entire world – here you go. Now get started with your faith.

I know, I can hear you now, “That’s too simple of a sign”. Sure, it

is, and that's why I thought of it before you did, now isn't it? Isn't it?

Listen, I can give you another sign – I can, I am the General that can make this happen – but call George Lucas for me, let him know I am destroying California cause you don't have any faith in your religion and need a 70th sign, ok?

Tell Mr. George Lucas to get out of California because I don't want to kill George Lucas. I love George Lucas. And I'm not going to drop California into the ocean until George is safe.

And let me suggest, that if you do not follow your signs, and I, ABEL, end up destroying the world, you got to do this one small favor for me, please. I mean pretty please. This is so funny. You're going to love me for this.

I promise you will.

When you get to hell –

ASK SATAN, "WHERE'S THE
MEN'S TOILET."

Pastor Alice, it's a long running
joke, and I can't resist messing with
that guy. I can't. I just can't.

The look on his face is
priceless..... It's way too funny. Trust
me. You're going to need the laugh in
your lifetime of torment. I'm doing you
the favor, trust me this time.

Pastor Alice, I placed those stars
in that sky, in that order, so that
tonight you could go outside, look into
the night sky, and ignite the faith in
your religion – have your very own,
very personal sign that you can share
with others.

Yours truly, General Death.

Pt.1

Things Remembered

Mikel, Quetzalcoatl started the “NO VOTE” after the Pangea vote. I begged him NOT to do this. We all voted back then; it was just the way it was. We had to create the “NO VOTE” just to keep Quazzi around. Plus, no one wanted the Great Whale to bail out on us. MOBY stashed Dad’s ATF weed somewhere, and that Great

White Whale NEVER told anyone
where he hid Dad's favorite weed.
Next to dino dung, that was his
favorite. Never.

Never told a soul. Told nobody.
That Whale never told anyone. And
once he lost at democracy, he wanted
it back, as if he could. Democracy
wasn't easy to create. And democracy
is just not that easy to get back once
it's gone.

*Pesto - what is the Great White
WHALE complaining about now?*

*Mr. Whale wants us to make the
new ocean bigger, because he's tired
of hearing our Beethoven so loud at
night all the time. He says we play it
too loud, and our laughing at himself
learning to swim is keeping him up at
night...He can't sleep with all our jokes
and laughing.*

*Well, tell Mr. Whale, tell MOBY
He should've waited for his TEACHER
to evolve and also say "I don't know,
why DO you think we are listening to
our Beethoven too loud? " – But Pesto,
listen, you have to yell real loud, as if
he were way out in the water...ok.....
That's an order, Pesto. I'm building
soldiers here, Pesto, and following
orders is good for my soldier.*

I would chase Moby's around
everywhere, looking for dad's favorite
weed. I knew he liked the good stuff.

*"Your gonna tell me where you
hid that ATF, Moby."*

*I'll never tell, ABEL. Catch me if
you can, I've gotten better at this,
ABEL.*

MIKEL, things between the
Great Whale and me got pretty
personal. I told him and everyone in

our feeble democracy of the time, "I will split the Pangea and make the ocean bigger – if that's what everyone decided – fine. BUT ONLY if Mr. Whale stays AWAY, and I DO MEAN – AWAY, from my fish...all my fish. But that never seemed to stop him. I had to check up on him from time to time, and it was not always pretty.

Well. Well. Well... what do we have here? What is this Moby?

That looks pretty fishy to me.

You know, Mr. Whale those ARE my other fish too. I know they're different - that's why I call them PHISH.

Those are my fish too. Who is that?

Who are you? What's your name? Jonah? What's Jonah doing in here?

*What are you doing in here
Jonah?*

*OOOOOHHHHHH, did you hear
what Jonah
said? You didn't? That's pretty funny
with your super sensitive hearing and
all the noise complaints, I get from
you, Mr. Whale. Jonah said he is
fishing. How's the fishing Jonah? You
know Jonah, Mr. Great White Whale
here was trying to eat you, how you
feel about that?*

*If I were DEAD I'd be GRATEFUL
the fishing is soooooo good.....
excellent.*

*WWWWWHHHHAAAAATTTT?
Excellent, Jonah said the fishing is
excellent - doesn't want to
leave.....uh, oh. Just remember you
said that Jonah, just remember you
said that.*

*I bet you want to vote on this
now don't you, Mr. Whale - two
against one odd's, sound like
democracy might be fun to play now?*

*OOOHHHH, it's too late for
Democracy NOW!*

*Far too late for that. Yeah, not
such a bad idea once it's gone. Tried
to warn ya, but you wouldn't listen.*

*Jonah would've probably voted
for you to keep eating fish. But, tell
you what I think I'm gonna do, I feel
like "trying to be nice" today. Jonah
and I are gonna do a little fishing. For
each fish I catch, the smaller your next
meal becomes. Deal? Good.*

*Oh, there goes the great white
shark, there goes the tiger shark,
there goes the hammer head (a few
days later)*

Now how are you gonna survive off microscopic peons? Don't ask me. I'm not the expert. But you soon will be. Look, you're just too big for that type of punishment. I feel like "trying to be nice here", so this is what I will do - I have a plankton uprising occurring, and I could use some help, so I will super-size your next meal, if you keep this deal - the two of us are good. But only for now.

Now, Jonah, can you help me haul these fish out of here? Stay away from all my fish Mr. Whale, and that means those phish too.....come on Jonah, weir outta here.

*Shit, I had The Great White Whale against the ropes, and I missed my chance to find out where he stashed that ATF weed. Damn, nothing goes my way.....ever. OH WELL, look at all this fish, what are you gonna do Jonah - NOT MY **PHISH** YOU'RE NOT. And you are one of my phish, Jonah.....what was that? Didn't think so?*

*Now help me with all this fish,
Jonah.*

Pt.2

The Nickel revisited

Let me help you understand something when I use the nickel as a reference a second time – MIKEL. This time when you look at the nickel piece, this time around, Jefferson is the slave and the house is the master. Unlike last time.

Jefferson has been long dead and gone. But his house is still around, and has helpers to tend to its needs, just like Jefferson's slaves did. Does this make more sense now? It's a two-sided story.

Jefferson was a celebrated slave master, who had a house made famous because you could not see the

slaves; but in reality, the house, now owned by the government, had become the new slave master. Jefferson dead and gone, he is now just an image worked and controlled just like a slave. By the government he helped establish. A government with freedom to change.

They, each - Jefferson and the slave's - each needed the house - but the house no longer needs them. The house has new slaves, employees rather. But the employees have changed more than the paint that protects the house.

If the old slaves were there, they'd be of no use, cause they'd be dead too. Gone, buried and forgotten, another slave, I mean employee - will come to task and continue to serve the invisible master, the government that now owns and runs the Monticello.

The government, the same government Thomas Jefferson helped establish also own's the likeness of Thomas Jefferson. and ONLY the likeness of Jefferson. That's because the likeness of Jefferson could never

match the ideas of the actual Thomas Jefferson - not in any way. NOT ever. It would be an impossibility the two are so different.

Why? It's just a house? Why should I care? You ask.

Because I can assure you that without slaves, or employees rather, tending to the Monticello - change would've come - the house would have rotted away. You can hide the slave, hide the slave master, and change either of them any way you like, as much as you like. Change is a constant. However, you can never escape the fact that even the king is slave to the servants. NEVER.

Chapter 57

The Truth about the Chocolate Chip Cookie

MIKEL, we had to try something different to get what we wanted out of CAIN. We tried everything, MAYHAM and I.

MAYHAM!! YOU ruined CAIN'S cookies!!!

Blame it on the little guy!!!!!!

Oh - good idea. Destroy the bunch, to get rid of the bad apple, I see where you're going , smart move, copy that..

HE LOVES 'EM!!! MAYHAM. What do we do now?

Blame it on the littler guy, maybe we can work it into our favor, Boss.

Well you can only hide from a lie so long, MAYHAM, but let's give it the best we got. I'd hate to ruin his opinion of you again. Weir abusing his forgiveness with you.

Or we are finding new limits to his forgiveness, Boss.

With this batch, we probably need that...

Chapter 58

Talk with ADAM Revisited.

ABEL, what's your favorite animal that you have seen?

Well, DAD, I like them all, and they have ZOO'S here too, so I have seen a lot of your animals -

What's a ZOO, ABEL?

Let me finish, DAD. My favorite animal is

- THE CHILDREN OF THE EARTH.

No way, you really like those things, that was CAIN'S first creation. He tried to make a cricket, but kind of missed the mark. It was his first try, but you like it.

Yeah, I think it's perfect. Red eye's white albino skin, five-legged cricket grasshopper thingy living in the darkness - the symbolic reminder of the Salvation Army - it's puuuuuurrrfectly CAIN.

OH SNAP!!!!!! The calico cat. Now I get it...now I know what the imaginaries were trying to tell me to say to CAIN about the calico cat.

What other animal do you like ABEL?

That's easy dad, your MUSTANGS.

Chapter 59
The Emancipation of
MAYHAM

As you well know, MIKEL, you are your father's father, your Granddad. The one you never met. And I granted you permission to join my "DEVIL" crew, because you wanted to "LIVED" again, and you brought me with you. That was part of the deal.

And I told you, "remember you said that, just remember you said that."

MIKEL, we had to win. We had to discover the answer somehow. We don't need an ARMY OF THE DAMNED this big, with only a face a GENERAL could love... look at 'em.

WHO'S A GOOD-LOOKING ARMY OF THE DAMNED?

YOU ARE.

YES, YOU....WHO'S A BIG ARMY OF THE DAMNED? YOU ARE!! YES, YOU ARE. YES, YOU ARE.

At ease soldiers.

No one fighting a war was ever going to win a war. So, I had to do something different, but I also couldn't turn over my command to the CREATOR of WAR. You'd never win against that guy - NOT UNCLE ABEL TO DO WHATEVER HE WANTS WHENEVER HE WANTS - the GOD of WAR, dat would never happen.

I have to know, MAYHAM, why do they go back for their daughters and sons,- brothers go back for their brothers and sisters, the way vets always do during war. That's hell inside a prison, and they still go back, MAYHAM. But why?

While you're doing this assignment, MAYHAM, find me a time and place that we can get OUR mission done. Freedom for you and the humans. There has to be a chip in the armor somewhere.

Can you handle it, MAYHAM?

SIR. Yes, SIR.

.

.

.

MAYHAM, you are hereby - relieved of command. You are free, now. I am no longer your master creator. No longer your General. You will no longer have to listen to me - or - listen to me listen to Johnny Cash. I'm just your friend. And only your friend.

- If you would have me as a friend.

MAYHAM, I know you know the rule, but I'm going to say this to you one more time - impress me.....fuck all the "that's an order" bs - your free. You're a free man, MAYHAM, and a friend, I hope. Make me proud son. I will miss you MAYHAM.

Can you get it done, MAYHAM? Find me a time and place where we can save the relative and humans. Figure out for me why the humans always want to go back to prison Earth. Find a chip in the armor somewhere and let's get all of you your freedom.

Let's find out. You are dismissed MAYHAM. You are free to go and do this final favor to me.

Chapter 60
Let Me Help You

MIKEL, look I will draw this out
for you - watch this .

FORCES OF NATURE ARE -

LIGHT VS. DARKNESS

FORCES OF LIGHT & FORCES OF
DARKNESS

Those are forces of nature. You
can't run far from either of them. Not
here. Not ever.

What we are fighting now are -

FORCES OF THE SPIRIT - Those
ARE

FORCES OF GOOD
&
FORCES OF EVIL

-OR-.

GOOD VS EVIL, or isn't it actually, or better said, rather - evil vs. good - I mean would anything "good" actually ever do anything offensive to anything, evil or not? Think about it?

Watch out! Get your gun's here they come, the nice people, they might want to help. Run.

*Run. Hold me I'm scared.
Tommy. Tommy. Where'd ya go?????
Tommy.*

HAVE HEARD OF THESE, I know you have.

Mikel, you trust me don't ya?

Well, if we add them all up....ABEL.

OH, MIKEL, where's that forgiveness I taught you. Come on.
RIDE WITH ME.

The next day - on Fourth Horseman Avenue, Tucson Arizona.

ABEL, why won't you let me beg when you know I need to eat?

MIKEL, I'm trying something different. I am out meeking my brother. Don't I take enough already. Every mother, father, brother, sister, aunt, uncle, cat, dog, house, job, career, money, soldiers, don't I take enough from you guys already? I can't ask for anymore from you, could I?

I am sorry you are stuck in the middle of this, MIKEL, but trust me, please. You are on my mind. You are always on my mind.

MIKEL, I think your NO money days are coming to an end - maybe sooner than we think with that book out, and our visit to the Galactic Senate. Just hold on. Hold your horses.

(That night on 4th Horseman Avenue - in Tucson Arizona)

DON'T TOUCH THAT, MIKEL. Just leave it. Levirate - there. I know you need it, but we need you to do this more. Trust me, trust 'ol ABE. Trust 'ol honest ABE. Let's just have a seat.

Let's have some fun and find the owner of that wallet with the \$2,000.00 inside of it.

Sit here till it's done MIKEL, and don't touch that smoke in your hand until you get this wallet back to its owner....sit down and wait. Just wait.

And that's what they did. They sat there till the wallet was returned successfully to its owner.

That night at the vortex -

He didn't accept the BRIBE - BANKS, now you know you can't stop it. This has to be done. We have a deal. And MIKEL didn't accept the bribe. We have to follow the rules, DEMZ DUH RULEZ. And we gotta follow the rules.

Then it happened.

CAIN FELL FROM GRACE.

Welcome to your prison, big brother. First time here. You're my inmate now. Rise and shine, sunshine. Time for us to take a little walk. Welcome to Prison Earth CAIN.

(to be continued.)

This book is also dedicated to

**The Granite Mountain Hot
Shots**

Eric Marsh

Andrew Ashcroft

Robert Cadwell

Travis Carter

Dustin Deford

Chris Mackenzie

Grant McKee

Sean Misner

Scott Norris

Wade Parker

John Percin

Anthony Rose

Jesse Steed

Joe Thurston

Travis Turbyfill

William Warneke

Clayton Whitted

Kevin Woyjeck

Garret Zuppinger

*Till we meet again. Promise
kept.*